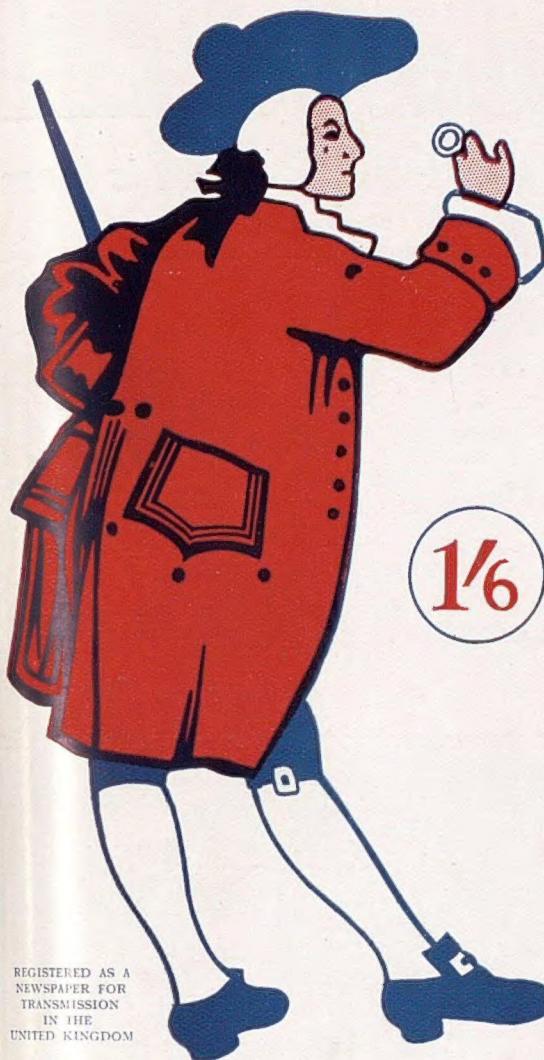


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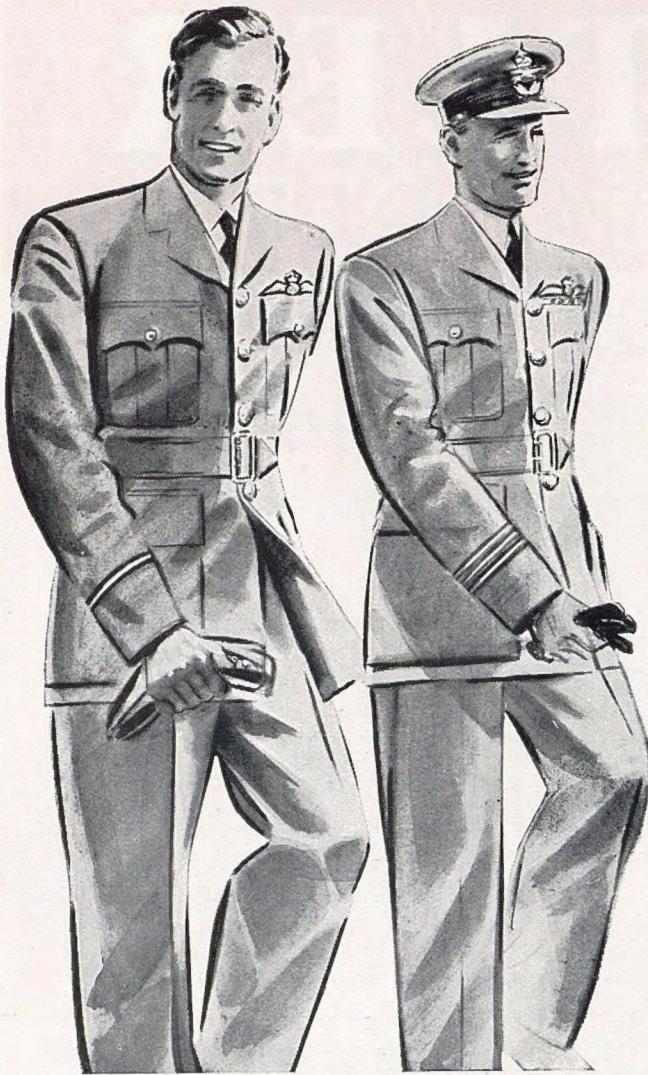
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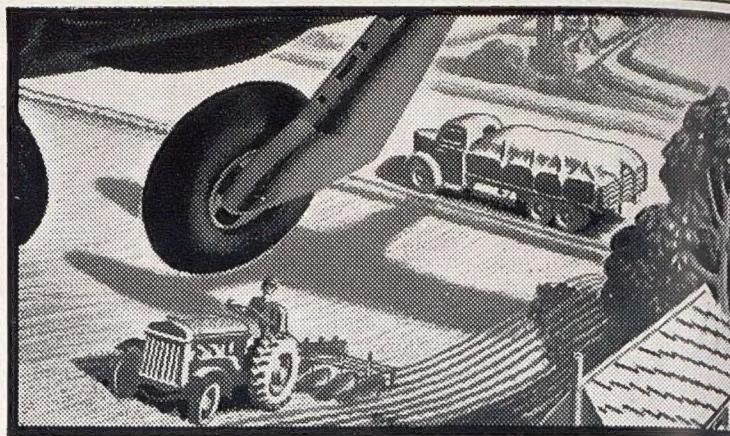


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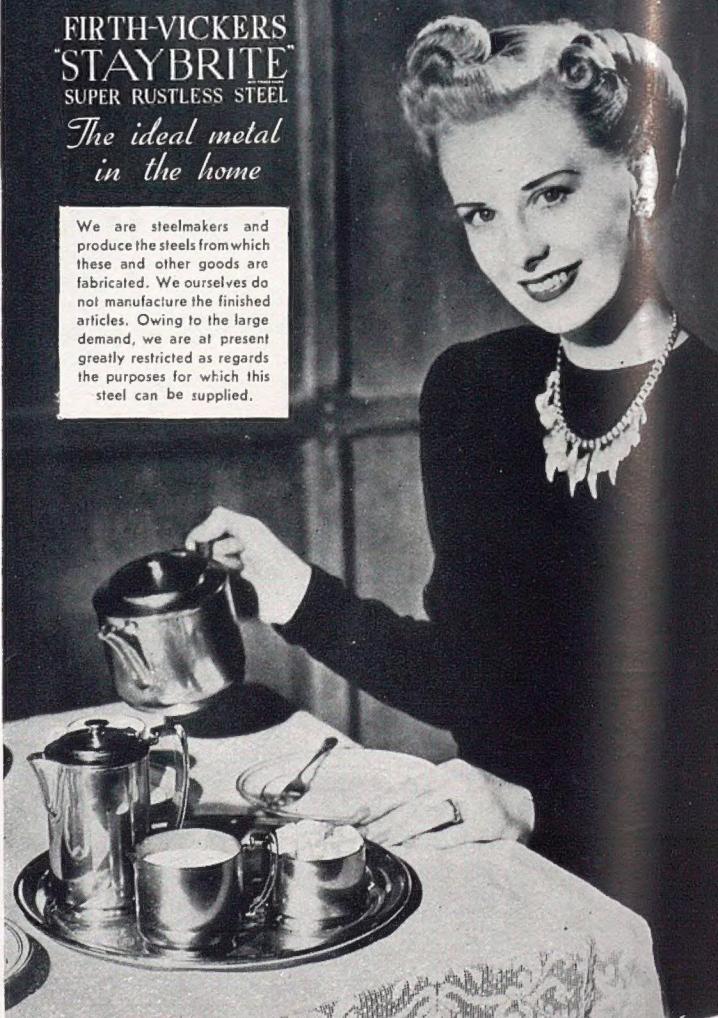
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THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

Lady Middleton and the Hon. Jean Willoughby

The wife of Colonel Lord Middleton, M.C., of Birdsall House, Yorkshire, was Miss Angela Hall before her marriage in 1920. Lord Middleton, who is in the East Yorkshire Regiment, is Lord-Lieutenant and a J.P. for East Riding of Yorkshire, where his wife is President of the Red Cross, and also a member of the W.V.S. Lord and Lady Middleton have four children: the eldest, Digby, in the Coldstream Guards; Hermione, who came out at this year's Queen Charlotte's Ball; fourteen-year-old Jean, seen above with her mother; and the youngest, Henry, who is ten. Lord Middleton was formerly in the Indian Army, and served in Mesopotamia during the last war, when he was three times mentioned in dispatches and won the M.C.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Repercussions of Victory

IT was bound to happen. Now that the church bells have rung out in celebration of General Montgomery's great victory there are those who want still further relaxation of our wartime restrictions and safeguards. In private it is being urged that the blackout should be modified, if not lifted altogether. This is quite a natural reaction to our first real success; but how dangerous. Some of the arguments are, however, quite plausible. For instance, it is urged that even a small modification in the blackout would increase munitions output and assist the more speedy transport of war material. I am sure there is something in this argument. It is also asserted that with the increase of light at night people would feel a greater uplift. They would put a bigger spurt into the war effort. I am sure this is true also. But is it not equally true that any modification of the present restrictions which safeguard our war effort, would lead to carelessness and to the feeling that the rest of the war will be easy? I can't imagine that the authorities are ready to light up this island at this moment. It would be psychologically wrong; it would be an invitation to Hitler.

All-round Initiative

OF course, the tide is on the turn. None can doubt that. The United Nations, in their several ways, are taking the initiative on all the war fronts in the world. Hitler is being driven on the defensive, and Mussolini must be mouthing against the imminence of his fate. It is a strange feeling to wake up each morning to hear and to read of further successes. In the words of the Prime Minister, we have proceeded by trial and error and now we are drawing our dividends. They are the first dividends and therefore not complete. We must take care not to exhaust them too quickly

nor the staunchness and the continued effort which have been our capital in the dark days which, happily, appear to be behind us. We are bringing the enemy to battle on his own ground. Obviously he will fight his hardest. His resistance in the beginning, at least, will be as great as was ours after Dunkirk. So, surely, this is the time to strive harder, to concentrate with increasing vigilance, and not to relax in any way.

Hitler's Problems

IT is strange to watch Hitler on the defensive. Apparently this defensive action on his part is not confined to the steppes of Russia or the deserts of Africa. In his council chamber he is on the defensive. He has reached the stage when he is suspicious of individual members of the High Command. This is significant. It is as significant as the new Hitler order relaxing Potsdam military discipline in the German Army. Henceforward, disciplinary punishment is abolished as being incompatible with the honourable character of military service. What can have made this necessary? What can the members of the German High Command think of this further Nazification of the great German Army? Obviously there is some purpose behind it. It may be that Halder, former Chief of the German General Staff, objected to this step; or probably he kept reminding Hitler of the cost of his Russian folly. Otherwise Hitler would not have humiliated him as he did. He called Halder to his presence, and before a number of assembled officers, the Fuehrer said: "You are unable to follow my intentions . . . you may go."

Peace Cries

IN Italy the people have begun to cry for peace. The King and the Prince of Piedmont have heard these cries. Mussolini dare not go



George Cross for Malta Hero

Jane, aged three, was proud to go with her father, Lieutenant Dennis A. Copperwheat, R.N., to the Palace to receive his George Cross, awarded for great bravery at Malta. With them was Mrs. Copperwheat

in the streets to hear them. A message reached London the other day saying that Italian morale is at its lowest ebb. All the same there was the remarkable suggestion attached to this message that if Britain did not cease bombing Italy we should earn the enduring hate of all Italians. This form of threat must be read as an appeal. But who is there to lead the cowering Italians out of the war? They have no leader. The King of Italy assented to all Mussolini's plans. He did not use any influence to stop his unwilling subjects from being dragged into the war. Italy must present a serious problem for Hitler. It is quite clear that he cannot abandon Italy as some people imagine. If he does, there are bombing bases for the biggest blitz in history, which the United Nations wouldn't hesitate to use.

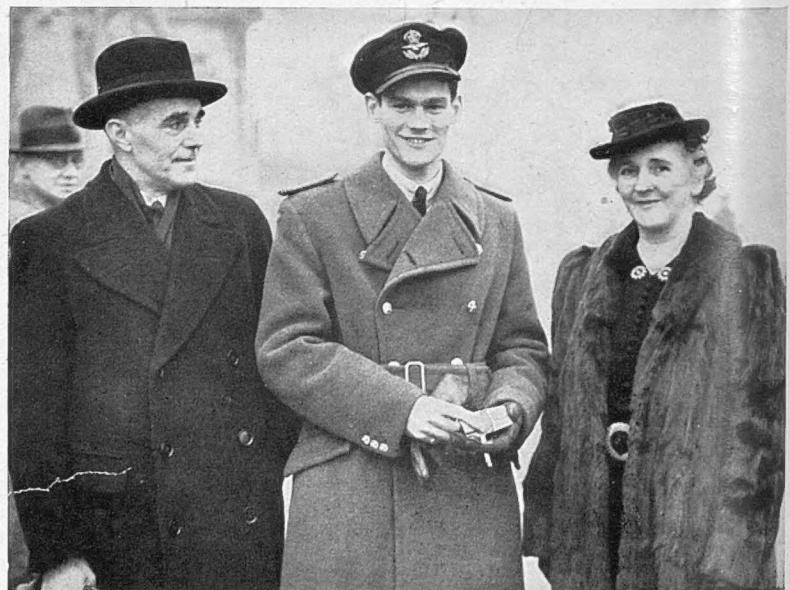
Russian Successes

AFTER the rout of Rommel by Montgomery's men, America's smashing blow to Japanese sea power off the Solomons, and the Anglo-



A.T.C. Chief Goes Gliding

Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P., Director of the Air Training Corps, went for a flight in a glider during a visit to an A.T.C. Glider School. Above, he is receiving last-minute instructions in gliding before leaving the ground. Mr. Wakefield is the National Conservative Member of Parliament for Swindon, and is the famous international Rugby player



R.C.A.F. Pilot Receives the D.F.C.

Pilot Officer W. J. Maitland, Royal Canadian Air Force, son of Mr. R. L. Maitland, Attorney-General for British Columbia, was awarded the D.F.C. at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace. Mr. McAdam, High Commissioner for British Columbia, and Mrs. McAdam, went to the Palace with him

American occupation of North Africa, there came the news of Russia's great counter-offensive. It brought optimism among all people to its highest peak. There seemed to be something so methodical and so inevitable in the march of Stalin's soldiers. Stalin had timed his stroke well. Reserves have been kept behind while Hitler threw his men remorselessly against the defenders of Stalingrad. Just before the weather broke, and the severest cold came, Stalin struck. With a few well-aimed blows he smashed Hitler's hold on Stalingrad and raised the siege of that historic city. Confident in his plans, Stalin was sure that he could trap most of the Germans in and around Stalingrad and then go on and cut off those in the Caucasus. Hitler may have expected the winter to bring something more than Russian cold weather. He cannot have anticipated the strength and the scope of Stalin's counter-offensive. The offensive shows the almost limitless resources of Russia's man power, and of Stalin's faith, and his military ingenuity. Has Hitler got any reserves? Can he make battle in North Africa, hold Italy, and throw more men into Russia?

Anderson's Battle

WHATEVER may be said of Admiral Darlan, he has enabled the United Forces to push on towards their military objectives in North Africa. General Anderson has probably been able to advance quicker than the original schedule provided. This is all to the good, for the quicker he can move the less time the Germans have to prepare their defensive position. The battle for Bizerta is not going to be easy, nor will it be quickly decided. But so much depends on it—and Darlan has cleared the way so well—that General Eisenhower will now be able to concentrate on this vital tip of Tunisia. To the surprise of General Eisenhower, the name of Marshal Pétain still carries great influence in North Africa among Frenchmen. So does Admiral Darlan's. But Admiral Darlan quickly realised that his best safeguard and greatest aid towards fulfilling his promise to General Eisenhower was to do everything in the name of Marshal Pétain. For some time to come military considerations must prevail, but none can doubt that there's a pretty tangled political problem to be unravelled in the months ahead in North Africa.

Cripps' Change

As Leader of the House of Commons and Lord Privy Seal in the War Cabinet, Sir Stafford Cripps had not sufficient work to do. So the Prime Minister decided to put him in charge of the Ministry of Aircraft Production which is an active war department with plenty of scope for a restless mind. This is one of the reasons behind the sudden switch of Sir Stafford from his high position to a comparatively minor ministerial post. Apparently Sir Stafford wanted to have more direct contact with the war. He wanted to work harder. He wanted to see and feel his own achievements. It can be said like many people in this war, Sir Stafford was suffering from frustration. But, of course, that isn't the whole story. Without a political party behind him it is quite obvious that an ambitious man like Sir Stafford, with his sense of idealism and feeling of urgency, must have suffered frustration. Cabinet work is team work. Responsibility in the Cabinet is collective. Even the Prime Minister has to bow to the collective wills of his colleagues. At the Ministry of Aircraft Production Sir Stafford will at least be master in his own department. Time alone will show whether this is sufficient to satisfy his sense of urgency.

Other Changes

THE changes made by Mr. Churchill came as a surprise to most people. This must have been satisfying to Mr. Churchill. Prime



C.-in-C. Persia-Iraq

General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, now C.-in-C. Persia-Iraq Command, was G.O.C. in Cyrenaica in 1941, and commanded the British troops in Greece the same year. He is seen at his desk at his headquarters, with his personal assistant



Mr. Casey at Teheran

Mr. R. G. Casey, Minister of State in the Middle East, arrived at Teheran airport on his return from a recent tour of Persia and Iraq. With him here is General Quinan, G.O.C. the Tenth Army

Ministers hate making changes under pressure of public opinion. Usually they have to do this and there is a period of resistance before they are compelled to succumb. It is a rare joy, therefore, to be able to change men without pressure. Mr. Churchill was in a strong position to do anything he wished, even with Sir Stafford Cripps, who by unsupported testimony, is claimed to have such a strong following in the country. Mr. Churchill had behind him the first achievements after two and a half years of "blood, tears, toil and sweat." Mr. Herbert Morrison's inclusion in the War Cabinet in place of Sir Stafford is a recognition of his administrative ability and of the vast

Home Department which he controls. Also it was necessary to replace Sir Stafford by a representative of the Left Wing. It would hardly be fitting to call Mr. Morrison a Left Winger, but there would have been a howl if Mr. Churchill had put a Conservative in the Cabinet in place of Sir Stafford. If it had been possible for Mr. Churchill to have done this, Lord Cranborne would have got the place. Unfortunately, Lord Cranborne's health still troubles him. It was necessary, therefore, for him to relinquish the heavy departmental work at the Colonial Office and confine himself to the responsibilities of Leader in the House of Lords.



Lord Trenchard in the Western Desert

On his return to Egypt after a five weeks' tour of the Middle East, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard visited General Montgomery, G.O.C. the Eighth Army, with whom he is seen above, and met many of the Allied and British commanders. On his way home Lord Trenchard stopped at Gibraltar, on the day before the Allied landings in French North Africa

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Too Long!

By James Agate

"Cut the string, cut the play and give it me to read," said the theatre-manager to his secretary. All plays are too long, and all films could be shortened.

The Talk of the Town (London Pavilion and Regal) is too long by half an hour. Here, almost in the words of my good friend Synopsis, is the "Story in Brief." Cary Grant is charged with arson and murder when his foreman dies in a mill fire. Escaping from jail, Cary hides in a house belonging to Jean Arthur, who pretends Cary is the gardener and so explains him to Ronald Colman, a legal luminary who has rented the house. Edgar Buchanan, Cary's attorney, tries to enlist Ronald's support for Cary, but Ronald will do nothing not authorised by the letter of the law. Cary and Ronald become fast friends, Jean becomes romantically attached to both men, and they to her. Ultimately Ronald discovers Cary's real identity, and also that the foreman is alive. They journey to Boston to capture the foreman, who escapes. Cary is re-arrested. And the rest of this thrilling yarn you must discover for yourself. The only clue I will give is that the ending is happy, though one feels that Jean is a kind

nooks and crannies that finally one longs for him to be caught.

But the picture has good points. There are no digressions or sub-plots, and the huge carpet unfolds itself tardily but always in one pattern. There is wit of situation as well as dialogue, and George Stevens's direction gives opportunities for amusing subtleties worthy of the best Rene Clair. The music by Fredrick Hollander is a charming pastiche, with a dash of *Lohengrin* and amiable bits of Richard Strauss darting in and out of the score like Disney hobgoblins.

THE acting is excellent. Cary Grant is first-class in a character not too easy to render sympathetic: a young Magwitch is harder to tackle than an old one. Ronald Colman is urbane and polished: since he is represented as a Bostonian I am prepared, I suppose, to believe in that English accent. Jean Arthur contributes an admirable study of the farcical-romantic; the combined archness and silliness make one think of Marion Lorne. Altogether a merry entertainment.

THAT old Roman knew what he was talking about when he said "Bread and safety-

AND then I reflect: Is there anything much less grown-up than the English crowd's behaviour on the day of the Cup Final? Here let me recall the 1925 series of Test Matches in Australia. The first match had been disappointing, trade was bad, the weather shocking, things weren't looking too good abroad, and, in short, this country was having one of its periodical fits of the blues. On the third day of the Melbourne Test Match Hobbs and Sutcliffe went in to bat, and when stumps were drawn had scored 283 runs without being separated. This country became at once so excited that the Stock Exchange went up two points! Next morning Hobbs was out first ball, but the tone on the boards was still firm.

WITH these reservations, understandings, compunctions and so forth, I have to say that *The Pride of the Yankees* (Gaumont) is a magnificent film, in spite of the fact that it runs for two hours. It tells the story of Lou Gehrig, of whom, until I saw this film, I had never heard. I learn now that Gehrig was a baseball player, who was to the entire American nation what Jack Hobbs was to the crowd at the Oval. As the film progressed I ceased to wonder at a financial scheme of rewards which rates Gehrig far higher than it does Toscanini, Augustus John, Epstein, Einstein, Generals Alexander and Montgomery, Roosevelt, Churchill, and your humble servant. Even worse, I believe that Gehrig actually made more money than Gary Cooper did out of playing him—a piece of topsy-turvydom which is against the entire rules of cinematic art.



Lou Gehrig seeks fame in the sporting world in order to raise money to pay for an operation on his mother. He is seen leaving his home at the start of the journey which is to lead him to nation-wide fame, with his father (Ludwig Stossel, Gary Cooper)



Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright in "The Pride of the Yankees"

In his first important game, Lou trips and a girl's voice is heard yelling "Tanglefoot!"—a cry taken up by the crowd. Later, Lou meets the girl, they go places together, and Lou falls in love (Teresa Wright, Gary Cooper)



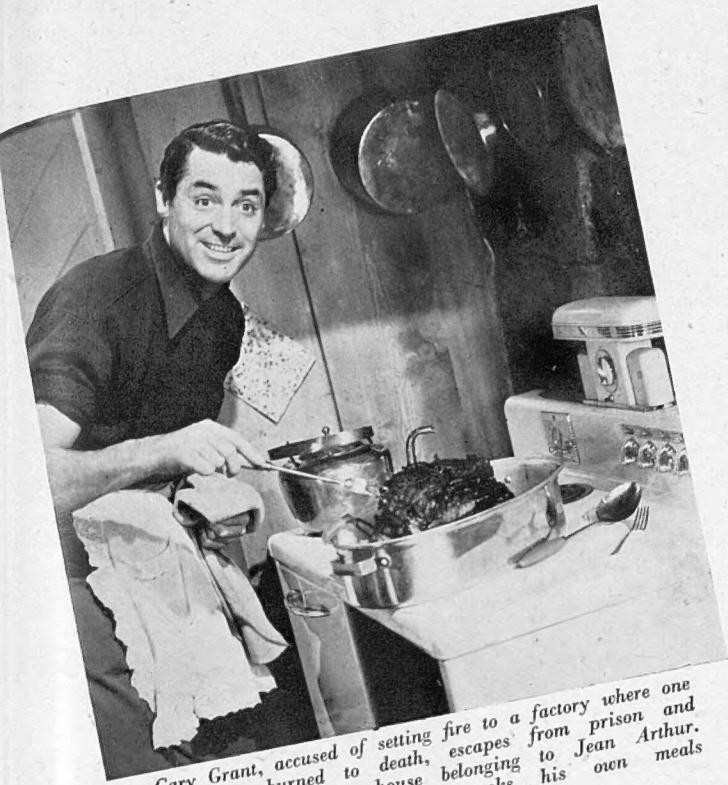
Lou and Eleanor are married. Lou becomes the hero of America. Then the blow falls. The doctors warn him he has a form of infantile paralysis which may prove fatal. Baseball days are over, but Lou has Eleanor, and for the two together the future holds no fears.

of female Macheath omitting to tell the audience how happy she could be with either were t'other dear charmer away.

STORY in brief, yes. But the film itself is very, very long. In fact, parts of it drag so much that one thinks of those unending symphonies of Mahler, Bruckner and, yes, Brahms, where the composer's invention deserts him and one wonders when and whether it is going to return. There is far too much upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber, and Cary hides so often in so many

valves." It ill becomes one country to laugh at the safety-valve of another. There is so little real homogeneity among Americans that they feel bound to take every possible opportunity of getting together to proclaim their Americanism. It is because there is no real tie between your blonde Swedish truck driver and your Wop ice-cream vendor who lives next door that they feel compelled to call each other brother. This, or something of the sort, must be the explanation for all that processing, and chorusing and paper-throwing which to the older nations seems so excessively childish.

WHICH brings me to Mr. Cooper. This is an actor of whom I cannot have too much. I could wish he were even taller, and that the films in which he appears were even longer. I put this down to his modesty and lack of bounce. He plays Gehrig unassumingly and delightfully and neither he nor the film stresses the paralysis and the untimely end. The baseball scenes are brilliantly done, and it is not for me to protest that clumping full pitches with a bludgeon, throwing the bludgeon away, and then running in circles like a scalded cat is all this game amounts to.



Cary Grant, accused of setting fire to a factory where one man was burned to death, escapes from prison and seeks shelter in the house belonging to Jean Arthur. Hiding in the attics he cooks his own meals.



When Jean Arthur discovers the fugitive, she decides to help him. Unfortunately, she has already let her house to a distinguished dean of a law school (Ronald Colman) who is shocked when he unexpectedly comes upon her trying on a man's pyjamas



Jean decides to introduce Cary to Colman as her gardener. The two men get on unexpectedly well together and when Colman finally discovers who Cary is, he decides to help him fight his case and prove his innocence

"Talk of the Town"

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman in a Romantic Tangle of Love, Law and Arson

"Talk of the Town," produced by George Stevens, brings together a brilliant trio of stars, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman. The film is reviewed by James Agate on the preceding page and to his precis of the story little can be added. It may, however, be interesting to read the American angle on this same picture: "It is one of the best acted comedies to come out of Hollywood," says *Life*. "Bright and literate, Columbia's comedy has its head in the clouds, its feet on the ground. Such grade-A movies as *Talk of the Town*, according to a recent *Variety* report, are now beating box-office records for the last fifteen years."

In the Court scene, Colman finds he has undertaken a tough proposition. The mob, urged on by corrupt conspirators, howl for Cary's conviction. Colman becomes more convinced than ever that it is his duty to save an innocent man from the mob hysteria which has been created

Colman is determined to find the real arsonist. His inquiries take him to Glenda Farrell's beauty parlour where he finds evidence that the man supposed to be dead is alive. Happy ending follows. Cary is freed. Jean is waiting for him. In the U.S. Supreme Court Building the final love scenes are played



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Let's Face It (Hippodrome)

THE show we are invited to face at the Hippodrome is well worth looking at. It is a musical comedy of American origin and manners. And since its plot resembles a Christmas tree, in that it serves primarily as a foundation for the display of festive diversities, we are not obliged to approach it as a serious work of dramatic art. The libretto serves its purpose, which is to bind, as eggs used to bind the ingredients of puddings, music, dancing, scenic effects and comic relief without insistence on narrative finesse or pedantic plausibility. The romance it ruffles is similarly dutiful, and knows its place too well to invite the intrusion of logic or be abashed by absurdity. And when the necessary changes have been rung on tiffs and reconciliations, and the other two-act demands have been met, a happy ending is imposed with the celerity of a parliamentary closure.

In such entertainment it is showmanship that counts; and Mr. George Black, its popular purveyor, has a flair for window-dressing. The bigger the window the better. The Hippodrome has a large stage. Its proscenium is designed, not to frame miniatures, but to focus and glut the gaze of large, popular audiences. This frame is filled with moving pictures that are easy on the eye and presented in style. The incidentals leave nothing to chance, but are prepared and displayed with a professional care worthy of masterpieces. Though this may cause serious-minded playgoers to lament the devotion of so much talent and consideration to such material, the popular vote is against them.

THE opening scenes of the show strike almost a classical note that defies musical comedy convention by giving three gay but indubitable matrons precedence over the ingenues whose

love affairs with three doughboys provide the basis of the plot. This refreshing, not to say Aristophanic note, however, is not sustained by the subsequent imbroglio, which reverts to convention and meanders through familiar fields. The settings alternate between training camp and country mansion, where the three matrons, out to revenge themselves on their neglectful spouses, fail to achieve their raffish ambitions. Lyrics relieve the prose with, or without, the least provocation, and well-rehearsed dancing displays the discipline of the chorus. The music is by Cole Porter.

There are some outstanding individual contributions to the show's success; notably a brilliant *pas de deux* danced by Halama and Konarski of the Polish Ballet, which invests a vaudeville turn with the precise graces of ballet. Miss Joyce Barbour, too, one feels, would fully redeem the high-comedy promise of the revolting matron motif if her lines allowed; and the chief ingenue is played by Miss Pat Kirkwood with charming assurance.

There remains that highly individual comedian, Mr. Bobby Howes, whose elfin elan, wide eyes and whimsical grin support first-rate talents. He can croon vapid balladry with redeeming virtuosity, whistle blackbird obbligatos, and play the fool with the neatest distinction. Here, among other clever things, he epitomises the apprenticeship of a raw recruit in a mimed cadenza that is worth a wilderness of mere monkeying about.

Best Bib and Tucker (Palladium)

THE Palladium is another large house that attracts large, popular audiences, and Mr. Tommy Trinder has the measure of both. He is that darling of the gods, a cockney comedian, and has a way with him. He takes privileged freedoms, and carries good-tempered impudence farther than more formal footlights allow. Members of the audience, singular and collective, provide targets for his impromptu wit. He will interrupt his patter to accost, say, an officer in uniform making a late and leisurely progress to his seat, and cheerfully



Tommy Trinder in
"Best Bib and Tucker"

The versatile Tommy Trinder does an excellent impersonation of Carmen Miranda in a sophisticated number, "No, No, No, Columbus," the lyrics and music written by Val Guest

advise him to get mechanised, or give the occupants of stalls and boxes racy tips on deportation.

He exploits his mastery of burlesque by singing and dancing, in full siren undress, one of those volcanic, ventral rumbas calculated to warm the coldest Mexican heart, and make the waters of the Rio Grande steam. Modesty, with him, is not a fetish. He takes the whole house into his disarming confidence, and rejoices as openly in his own wit as in the popularity it has brought him. The show in which he stars is lavishly mounted, brilliantly produced, and has true variety. Its excellent turns include those clever musical clowns, the Cairoli Brothers, Nat Jackley—an irresistible grotesque, song and dance scenes, and a mimed spectacle that is the antithesis of aorial austerity.



Left: Jerry Walker has difficulty in explaining his sudden acquisition of funds to girl friend Winnie Potter (Pat Kirkwood, Bobby Howes)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Right: Trouble is brewing for these two American soldiers whose girl friends suspect their intentions (Zoe Gail, Pat Leonard, Leigh Stafford, Jack Stanford)

Bobby Howes in another Cole Porter Musical, "Let's Face It," at the London Hippodrome

Family Close-Up

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sinclair and Their Son Duncan



Hugh Sinclair's Favourite Portrait of His Wife



A Characteristic Portrait of Hugh Sinclair



Royal Avenue, Chelsea, where the Sinclairs have a house, provided an autumn background for this family group. Paddy, Cornish shepherd dog, is now thirteen years old. He has been with the Sinclairs ever since they were married



Seven-year-old Duncan was spending his all-too-short half-term holiday at home when these pictures were taken

Hugh Sinclair and his actress-wife, Valerie Taylor, are appearing simultaneously in two of London's biggest play successes; Hugh in *Claudia*, at the St. Martin's Theatre, and Valerie in *Watch on the Rhine*, at the Aldwych. Both these plays came to London after successful runs on Broadway, and both have repeated over here their earlier successes in America. Hugh Sinclair and Valerie Taylor have frequently appeared together on the stage, the last occasion being in *Skylark*, also an American play, which was presented at the Duchess Theatre earlier this year. They were also together in *Dear Octopus*, at the Globe, in which Hugh Sinclair took over the role originally played by John Gielgud. Both studied for the stage at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and later both joined the Macdonald Players. In his early days on the stage, Hugh was chosen to understudy Jack Buchanan

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Active Royalty

PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, the King's cousin and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, must be one of the busiest members of the older generation of the Royal Family. At the age of seventy-two, she takes great interest in the progress of the war and is continually active, in an unobtrusive way, in various military charities. In the Pall Mall house where she lives with her sister, Princess Marie Louise, she spends much of her time knitting comforts for the Forces, and planning out her own engagements without the aid of a secretary. The Princess has remarkably good eyesight; she writes all her own letters in a firm, legible hand, and at the Lace Exhibition at the Dorchester recently she was bustling round the stalls with all the energy of a woman twenty years younger.

Helping the War Effort

MANY people have done and are doing all sorts of good in this war in a very unobtrusive way. One of these is Lady Serena James, the very lovely wife of the Hon. Robert James, and only child of Lord Scarbrough. At the outbreak of war, the Jameses had a party of little evacuee girls billeted on them at their home in Yorkshire. Lady Serena took these children into her home and did everything she could for them. On Sundays she frequently takes them all to church with her, and what a peewful of gaily coated little girls, all looking so happy and well cared for, there are then! I have seen these children on a really wet and cold northern winter's day on their way to school, all clad in mackintoshes, sou'-westers and gum-boots, ready for the worst weather. After three years of war, Lady Serena, who has two daughters of her own, Ursula and Fay, still has six of these little girls living with her; how glad their parents must feel to know they have been so well looked after all this time!

Another way in which Lady Serena is helping the war effort—this time to augment the funds of the Red Cross—is in having bridge on Sunday afternoons for her friends who live locally or are in the Forces and stationed near by. Everyone pays so much to play each time, which goes to the Red Cross funds. Quite apart from helping the funds, these Sunday afternoons have given unending pleasure to

many, especially to officers and their wives stationed in wartime quarters. It is a joy to be able to have a good game of bridge in such lovely surroundings, if you have a few hours off duty. The flowers in the rooms, even in winter, are always exquisite, for Mr. James is one of the greatest experts on gardening in England. So popular have these Sunday afternoons become that even though they were originally started when transport problems were easier, they are still as successful as ever, for those who live too far away to walk arrive on bicycles.

Wartime Homes

MONGST other families living in this part of Yorkshire are Major and Mrs. Ronnie Stanyforth, the Hon. Lionel and Mrs. Brett, Major and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh, and Colonel and Mrs. Geoff Phipps-Hornby, all in wartime homes! The Stanyforths and the Bretts have taken houses in the same old cobbled street of a fascinating old town, with a lovely view over the River Swale. Major Stanyforth, who was Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester for some time and later Comptroller of the Duke's Household, is a first-class cricketer and often played for the M.C.C. in pre-war days. Mrs. Stanyforth, who is very petite and pretty, is partly American. Mrs. Brett, who is the elder of Colonel and Mrs. Pike's very attractive daughters, came up here over two years ago, when her husband, Lord Esher's son and heir, was at an O.C.T.U. up North; she lately had another little son, and now has three boys. Mrs. Brett's only sister is married to the Earl of Ronaldshay, who is living quite near with her two children. The Phipps-Hornbys and the Dearberghs are both living in Army officers' quarters, which they have made very nice and comfy. Mrs. Phipps-Hornby, whose father, Major Dennis Daly, was M.F.H. of the Heythrop for some years, has a very smart dog-cart, which she finds most useful to drive about in. Mrs. Dearbergh works hard for the war effort, and among her many activities runs the local war savings campaign, which is a tremendous success. The Dearberghs have a nice house in Suffolk which they built themselves just before the war, and they are looking forward to the day when they will be able to return to it. Others I've seen in these parts lately are the Gordon Kirkpatricks, who had



The "Three Hundre

Lady Fairfax of Cameron who, with Lady Victor Paget, received the guests, entertained a large party including many distinguished American officers. She is dancing with Mr. Simon Birch, only son of Lady Susan and Major Wyndham Birch

a nice house and hunted in Warwickshire before the war; their daughter Jean is now nursing as a V.A.D. with Southern Command; the Myles Thompsons, who come from the West country, and their attractive girl, who is not yet quite coming-out age; Major Arthur Smith-Bingham, who is stationed up here; Sir Henry Lawson, who owns some very fine shooting around his home, Brough Hall, and farms a big acreage. Both his sons are in the Forces; his elder son, Ralph, is in the Observer Corps, and the younger one, Bill, in the Army. Sir Henry had a very successful racing season with the few horses he had in training this year.

Entertaining

NOW that Colonel and Mrs. Denton Carlisle have moved from their big flat at 48, Grosvenor Square into a smaller one at No. 37, they find they cannot invite all their friends at one time to cocktails, and so have to divide them up. The other day quite a number of Allied Forces mingled with the rest, but it almost seemed as if foreign military attachés predominated. There were Colonel and Mme. Skliarov (he is the chief Soviet military attaché), the Argentine and Belgian military attachés, Colonel Beretta and Colonel Wouters, and many more. Diplomats included the Brazilian and Portuguese Ambassadors, and, of course,



Prince Bernhard Attended The Reception Given to The Netherlands Government

The Reception given by the Anglo-Batavian Society to meet Cabinet Ministers and officials of the Netherlands Government was held at the Overseas League. Lady Abercrombie and Sir Edward Campbell were amongst those who attended



Other distinguished guests included Dr. P. S. Gerbrandy, Prime Minister of Holland, and Sir Neville and Lady Brant. In addition to his duties as Prime Minister, Dr. Gerbrandy has to fulfil the duties of Minister of Colonies



Was Held in Aid of The Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association

Lady Victor Paget, chairman of the Dance Committee, had a cheery welcome for General C. M. Thiele, of the U.S. Army Headquarters Command Staff. Many lovely presents were raffled during the evening, including a magnificent silver snuff-box, the gift of H.M. the Queen, who is Patron of the Association.

representatives from the U.S.A., such as Colonel Dwight Hughes and others. Mrs. Carlisle looked very smart in a dinner frock of sapphire blue, long-skirted and long-sleeved, but very gay with glittering sequins at the neck, belt and cuffs. Her daughter, Jacqueline, out of uniform for the evening, also wore a cheery frock. (Miss Carlisle was originally a member of the M.T.C., and even now she is frequently referred to as such. In truth, however, she is driving for the American H.Q. in London and has been doing so for the past fourteen months.) Mrs. John Crocker came in to join the party from her nearby flat—her own flat is now let to Stella, Lady Reading—and looked handsome in furs. Countess Jellicoe, in wine red, arrived with her son, Earl Jellicoe, who was being congratulated on his D.S.O. by everyone.

Lunchtime Party

THE Saturday luncheon-parties given by Sir Louis and Lady Sterling are becoming as well known, and invitations to them as eagerly sought after, as were their Avenue Road home supper-parties before the war, referred to in Mr. James Agate's latest autobiography, *Ego 5*. Guests at one of these luncheons recently included Mr. and Mrs. Philip Guedalla (he is finishing his latest book on

Pétain this week; he had hoped—in vain, as it appears now—that the elderly Marshal would provide a last chapter for him); Mrs. Bobby Howes, delighted with her husband's success in his new show, *Let's Face It*, at the Hippodrome, and very thrilled with Tom Webster's telegram to her husband on the opening night, "May your run be longer than Rommel's"; Miss Doris Waters, one of the Gert and Daisy team; it is difficult to know which, for she and her sister so often dress alike and are mistaken for each other; Mrs. Dudley Porter, very smart and soigné; Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, and Major Cyril Kent, thoroughly enjoying his first real meal after a week's very strenuous toughening course with the R.A.F. Regiment, to which he now belongs.

U.N.F.F.

NO meal, from five shillings up to any possible or impossible price, could have been better than the one-and-fourpence-worth that cheered me on the premises of the new United Nations Forces' Fellowship. Real French broth, containing every kind of vegetable and accompanied by a section of tubular French bread; braised beef and mashed potatoes; prunes and extremely convincing cream—and all sorts of alternatives, too, such



The Hon. Patricia White, only daughter of Lord Annaly, had Lord Fairfax as her supper companion. Lord Fairfax succeeded his father in 1939. The evening proved such a success that similar parties may be organised shortly and held at two-monthly intervals. That, at any rate, is the present hope of the Committee.

as jam tart or delicious sandwiches. This extremely comfortable and well-run club was originally thought of by Lady Moncreiffe, who is chairman. The idea is to foster good companionship and understanding between the actual peoples of the Allied Nations in a really individual organisation, with an atmosphere of homeliness, where the amenities provided for the men must certainly be envied by any of the officers who have been on tours of inspection.

Lord and Lady Iveagh have lent their lovely eighteenth-century house in St. James's Square as premises, and the elegance of its pilastered, plaster front, and the circling staircase with wrought-iron banisters, which goes right up to a beautiful domed ceiling with a skylight, are combined with most adaptable spaciousness. Rows of shower-baths have been put in upstairs; extra wash-hand basins in the bathrooms; and there are altogether fifty-nine beds, amply spaced, in the bedrooms. On the lower floors, among panelling painted almond green, the capitals of pilasters and pillars, and the wreaths of carving, edged with silver and gold, there are reading, sitting and recreation rooms; the large room for the delicious meals; an information bureau; and all of it to be enjoyed at the very minimum prices.

(Concluded on page 280)



Reception at Ladies' Carlton Club To Meet Mrs. Anthony Eden

Mrs. Arnold gave a reception recently to meet Mrs. Anthony Eden. Those photographed above include Mrs. Nothman, Mrs. Morrell, Señora Moniz de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, Mrs. Anthony Eden, Señora Carvalho and the hostess, Mrs. Arnold.



Other guests included Señora Somavia and the Countess of Carlisle, a niece of Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador to Egypt, and a Chief Commandant in the A.T.S. Lady Carlisle's only daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard, is also a member of the same women's service.

Snapshots from Town and Country



Clapperton, Selkirk

The Countess of Minto and Her Family at Minto House

Lady Bridget Elliot, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, Viscount Melgund and Lady Willa Elliot, the four children of the Earl and Countess of Minto, were escorting their very young-looking mother round the garden of their Roxburghshire home when the photographer caught them. Lady Minto is the daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, and a sister of the Countess of Haddington



Cycling "Crusaders": Mrs. Kenneth Anderson, Wife of the C.-in-C. The First British Army—



The Women's Legion Provides Tea at Waterloo Bridge

The Women's Legion, whose mobile canteens do such excellent work distributing meals to workers in outlying districts, provided tea for a party of American soldiers visiting the new Waterloo Bridge, now nearing completion. The President of the Legion is the Marchioness of Londonderry, who was there with Mrs. Marjorie Robert, commandant of the mobile canteens, and Miss Craigen, of the British War Relief Society. Viscountess Bury, Lady Londonderry's youngest daughter, also an enthusiastic worker for the Legion, was talking to Mr. Muller, the chief engineer



—and Her Daughter, Lance-Corporal Bridget Kaplovitch, A.T.S.

Mrs. Kenneth Anderson, whose husband is in command of British troops in North Africa, wears the "Crusader" badge which her husband's men carry on their shoulders. She bicycles daily to and from her work at a Civil Defence canteen in Cambridge. Her daughter, Mrs. Kaplovitch, uses the same mode of locomotion for her A.T.S. duties



The Queen Admires a Lace Wedding Dress

The Clothing Branch of the Officers' Families' Fund is to benefit by the Sale and Exhibition of Lace held recently at a London hotel. The Queen visited the Exhibition on the opening day, and is here seen examining a wedding dress and head-dress of Brussels lace, worn by Miss Childe Read. A veil, presented by her Majesty, was bought by the Argentine Ambassador



Princess Alexandra of Greece With a Friend

The only daughter of the late King Alexander of the Hellenes and of Princess Aspasia is at present living quietly in the country. Her unofficial engagement to King Peter of Yugoslavia was reported in June, but it was stated that there would be no question of the marriage taking place till after the war



A Pre-View for the Duke and Duchess

Even the dolls present wore valuable old lace and satin, and this one was the object of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's admiration, when they visited the Lace Exhibition the day before its opening. A similar lot of lace to that shown in London was sent to America, and a cheque for £2,000 from the British War Relief Society is the result



On the Opening Day

Lady Violet Astor opened the Lace Sale in aid of the Officers' Families' Fund, and afterwards looked at the exhibits with Lady Waddilove and Mrs. Kyle Smith



Raffling a Doll at the Lace Exhibition

Lady Latta, wife of Sir John Latta, bought a raffle ticket from Mrs. Fitzpatrick for a doll dressed in Brussels lace. The Officers' Families' Fund was founded in 1899 by Lady Lansdowne, and has continued its good work ever since

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IT takes a rural hick like us to explain to you City slickers exactly what lies behind an authority's alarmed cry the other day that owing to the continuous and ruthless destruction of British woodland (sparse enough already), this country is going bald.

The principal function of a tree is not (1) to inspire poets, Academicians, and spinster ladies working in water-colour, (2) to provide a home for the birdies, or (3) to protect stockbrokers in high summer from the darts of envious Apollo, but (4) to promote the watering and nourishment of the soil by secreting and dispensing masses of moisture collected from rain, which also makes pools and streams. Hence the dust-bowls of America, due to fools cutting down forests wholesale, in ignorance or greed.

To cut down trees is also to shed the life-blood of the kindly forest dryads, as many poets have bitterly complained, not that landowners and business men take any notice of such nonsense. For this reason the great poet Ronsard damned the woodmen of the Duke of Vendôme in furious alexandrines when he found them cutting down acres of his favourite forest, probably to make a diamond necklace for some mopsy in Paris. The Duke and his agent took no notice whatsoever; or maybe the agent remarked "I'm sair dootin' yon flichty loon's gane gyte," and the Duke said "Get on with it, M'Tavish, get on with it," and rode away. But when Ronsard called the murdered oaks of Gastine *nos pères nourriciers*, our fathers who nourish us, he was speaking as a countryman born and bred defending the Land, and they knew it. However, they cut half the forest down just the same, and we must be getting back to the main road before it gets too dark to see your divine pans.

Trauma

IN connection with the hon. D.Litt. (Oxon.) conferred recently on Sir Max Beerbohm, one of the gossips recalled the "sardonic amusement" which Sir Max detected in the bearing of Irving, the first actor to be knighted.

Irving had every right to be sardonically amused, perhaps. To begin with he was doubtless aware that it might have been a baronetcy if he hadn't had offspring. And he probably had no difficulty in imagining the long and anxious discussions at Court before his knighthood was decided. Actors were then still a caste apart, bathed in mysterious and rather sinister glamour, like the

phosphorescence round decaying fish. They have since been so careful to resemble Guards and clubmen that this condition has now become normal, and the only well-known actor we personally know who looks like a well-known actor probably spends a couple of hours making up at his dressing-table every morning.

Having a few actor friends, including one or two of the kind called in Paris *matuvus* ("M'as-tu vu . . . ?" = "Have you seen me in . . . ?") and having also been a drama critic for six haggard months, we know all about the age-long vendetta between these boys. Drama critics often suffer from a trauma Harley Street calls "histrioclaustrophobia," the fear of being trapped in an enclosed space with a lot of wild actors. We know that sudden panic. It is absurd and unmanly, and is brought on not only by nerves but drink. This is probably why West End managements thought of giving up first-night snifters for the critics. Forced



to buy their own, the boys would roll in stone-cold sober and keep their seats.

Flop

THE current centenary exhibition at the Victoria and Albert of the famous water-colours of John Varley moved Auntie *Times* to recall that it was at Varley's house that Blake drew some of his visions, "ranging from Moses to the ghost of a flea."

This interests us because some years ago, staying in Slogger Blake's cottage at Felpham (Sussex), we tried constantly to come all over elfin like the Slogger, without the least success. In the garden of this cottage Blake saw a fairy's funeral. On the beach one evening he had a chat with the Major Prophets. We saw nothing at all. Our conclusion was that Blake was either shwipsy (the Fox Inn is just opposite) or deliberately going Barrie on the populace, a vexing trick.

The coolness which had sprung up between Blake and us some time before was thus confirmed, and still persists (and if any Blake fan wants to call that muzzy pipe-dreamer a "mystic" he can step outside right now). Moreover we feel that Mr. Cromeck, at whom Blake took a crack in that snifty couplet:

A petty sneaking knave I knew—
Oh, Mr. Cromeck, how d'ye do?
never had a fair chance to come
back at Mr. Blake. On Mr.
Cromeck's behalf, then, we
suggest:

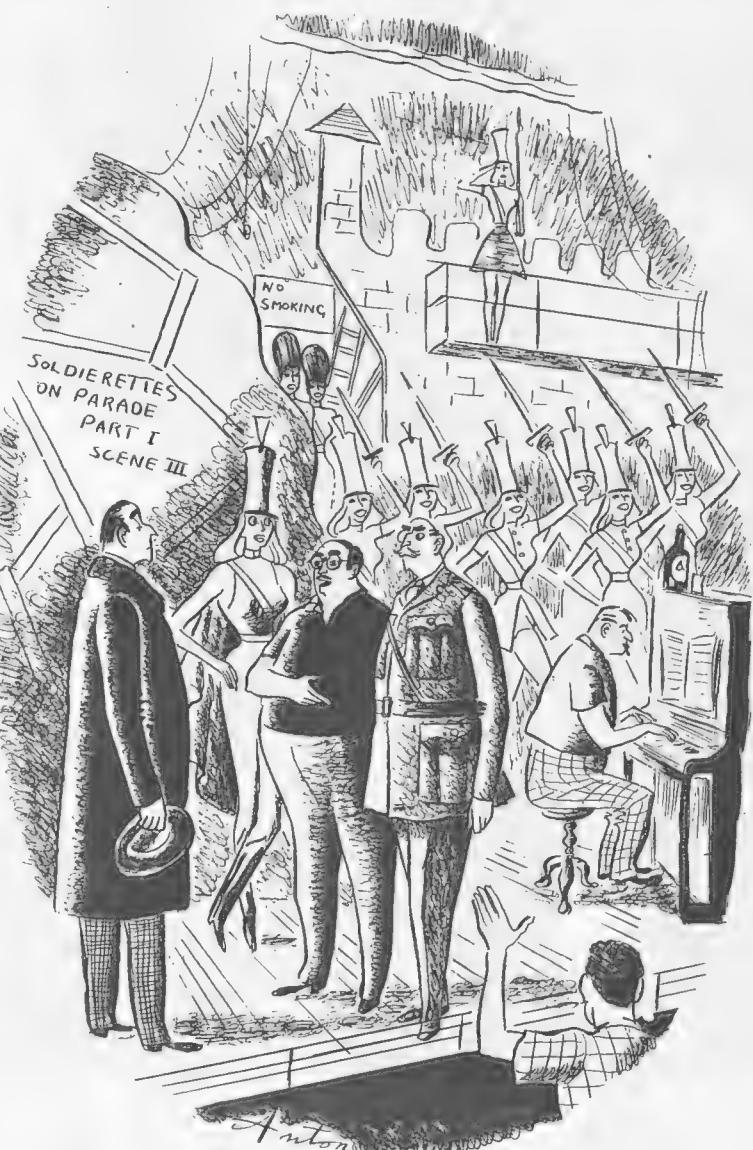
A tout who gives me bellyache—
Well! If it isn't Mr. Blake!

Which evens things up to
some extent, and now shall we
sing you something?

Cure

SCATHING comment by one of those military experts on "1914 minds" who claim on El Alamein evidence that the infantry are still the stuff to

(Concluded on page 270)



"And this is Colonel Farnshaw—our expert military adviser"

Fighter Pilots From the U.S.A.

By Cuthbert Orde



Captain Frank A. Hill

"Hill of Hillsdale," New Jersey, is a member of an American fighter squadron, and got a "probable" at Dieppe. Had it been confirmed, he would have had the distinction of being the first U.S.A. pilot to bring down a German—by ten minutes



Major D. B. Avery

Another fighter pilot from America is Major D. B. Avery, who is a native of Salt Lake City. He is an absolutely fearless pilot, and looks like a Roman Emperor, as his portrait shows



Captain T. B. Fleming

Captain Fleming comes from California. He was one of those to take part in the Dieppe expedition, and should finish up in the top class of fighter pilots



Lieut. E. G. Johnson

Lieut. Johnson's home is in Oklahoma, U.S.A. He was also in the thick of it at Dieppe, and thinks very highly of Spitfires. Incidentally, the Lieutenant has a very beautiful wife

Standing By ...

(Continued)

win battles with, reminded us of a remark made by an eminent Fleet Street boy of our acquaintance to a friend in a pub. "James," he said pensively, "it occurs to me that we're just the kind of men our fathers used to warn us against."

The same applies, apparently, to us old shellbacks of World War I. We seem to be a bad influence and we must pipe down. El Alamein may have been won on 1914-18 tactics (as it was), but we must shut our traps and forget it. The smart military experts rate us with those bottlenosed dotards who sit in clubs talking about Rorke's Drift and Omdurman. Oddly enough we personally don't mind this in the least. Times go by turns, as the sweet Elizabethan poet Southwell said before they racked him for the thirteenth time. The military tactics of to-day will look unbelievably quaint a few years hence, believe you us.

There's a sovran cure for uppishness and smart-aleck flafla of this kind which we heartily recommend. The experts should turn up the newspaper files of twenty, ten, or even five years ago, and note carefully what the experts were boozing then. Laugh! Well, there!

Oracle

A RECENT dictum of Lord Wedgwood, that starry thinker, to the effect that the only people who travel first-class on the railways are "those whose fares are being paid for them by somebody else," suggests that the hand of the potter is getting a bit careless.

The underlying Wedgwood *motif* seems to imply that if you choose to save a trifle of money on tobacco, drinks, food, or the pursuit of learning or women in order to travel in reasonable comfort, you're a

Fascist parasite, reactionary, and grinder of the faces of the poor. The sterling virtue and nobility of third-class pans follows naturally. It's an old demagogic theme, dramatised by Gorky. If you want hearts of pure gold, you find them exclusively in the underworld. Our feeling is that Gorky exaggerates. Even rich women, whom we fear greatly, are not invariably packed with evil. Even business peers are not all bestial.

There was a pleasantly satiric comment on this kind of dope in a revue sketch by Sacha Guitry a few years ago. A superb Hispano-Suiza broke down by the roadside near a couple of violently Red workmen, who let the haughty befurried bourgeois inside have it good and proper over his champagne snack and nearly lynched him. He ultimately turned out to be the new Soviet ambassador. Genuflections, salamalecs, grovellings, and a neat, swift curtain.

Burg

CHAPS who call Lyons the Manchester of France, as one of them did when the Germans moved into it, pay that great sombre city no dizzy compliment, in our unfortunate view.

There are one or two superficial resemblances. Lyons is silk, Manchester cotton. As rain adds perpetually to the fascination of Manchester, so the mingled fogs of Rhône and Saône lend Lyons a certain added aura of grimness. Both cities have given birth to literary rackets; the Lyons School of highbrow poets in the Renaissance, headed by Louise Labé, an advanced sweetheart who is said to have fought at the siege of Perpignan dressed in man's armour, has probably left more mark on history than the Manchester School of Drama, symbolised for us by a stout uninteresting lady in a snuffcoloured bodice standing on her head in the scullery sink in a Chorlton-cum-Hardy back street on a wet Sunday evening in February. Where Lyons differs from Manchester chiefly is that Lyons provides, or



"I don't care how many boys you've been out with, I'll have no more notches cut in the flag-pole"

provided, some of the finest cooking in Europe, whereas the gourmet who travelled to Manchester for subtle belly-furniture would be something of a sap. Nor do the rich redfaced *soyeux* of Lyons make quite so much noise over luncheon as the rich redfaced cotton-men of Manchester.

Footnote

AS for that painful modesty for which the citizens of Manchester are notorious, you have to go much further south than Lyons to find it at its best, namely to Barcelona. Or so Miguel de Unamuno says, but maybe he never met our mentor James ("Boss") Agate, that shy old bunch of woodland violets.

Light

NOTHING diverting us more than the spectacle of some portentous thinker discovering the obvious, we were delighted to find a personage in a highbrow review declaring that the Bureaucratic Machine must be "reduced and simplified" before it strangles us all.

This reminded us strangely of that famous and fascinating dialogue between the Coolidges after President Calvin ("Weaned-On-A-Dill-Pickle") Coolidge's return from church one Sunday morning:

"Who preached, Cal?"
"Rev. Tomkins."
"What about?"
"Sin."
"What did he say?"
"He was agin it."

After which the deadpan Cal, whom Mencken or somebody ranked as America's leading "pathos" comedian, next to Charlie Chaplin, stumped away to the wood-pile and Mrs. Cal returned to her cooking, satisfied.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Don't grumble, John! When the really cold weather comes it won't be so cold as this, because then we shall have a fire"

Three in Hampshire

Lady Tichborne and
Her Daughters

Lady Tichborne is the charming wife of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, of Tichborne Park, Alresford, Hampshire. During her husband's absence abroad—he is serving in the Armoured Brigade—Lady Tichborne lives with her two small daughters, Anne and Miranda, at Tichborne Old Rectory, near their home. Besides cooking and running the house for her small family, she finds time to help at the local W.V.S. Lady Tichborne was Miss Antonia Snagge before her marriage in 1936, and is one of the twin daughters of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge. Little Anne Tichborne is four years old, and her sister was born last year

Photographs by
Swaebe



Tickling Miranda is a Popular Amusement With Anne



*Miranda Already Has a Good Seat
on a Horse*



Tichborne Old Rectory, Alresford, Hants.

“The Pied Piper”

With Poignance and Humour It Tells of a Modern Piper and the Refugee Children Who Followed Him to Safety

First published as a novel, *The Pied Piper* has now been screened by Twentieth Century-Fox. Written by Lieut.-Cdr. Neville Shute, an airplane designer attached to the British Admiralty, it has been adapted and produced by Nunnally Johnson, who has chosen as his Piper none other than the crusty, lovable Monty Woolley, the man who impersonated Alexander Woolcott in the Kaufman-Hart play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, both on Broadway and in the film. The modern Piper (an Englishman caught in France), unable to dispose of the invading rats as his famous namesake did before him, sets out on the long journey to England with two British children, Ronnie and Sheila. On their way they are joined by other children, French and Dutch, who are fleeing the common enemy. Before reaching the coast, Mr. Howard has gathered six children round him. Simply and sincerely, the film unfolds the tragedy of France in those agonising months of early summer 1940



1. Mr. Howard's annual fishing trip to the French Alps has been interrupted. France is falling. He agrees to take back with him to England the two children of English friends who are unable themselves to leave France (Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley, Peggy Ann Garner)



2. At Joigny, Paris. That night spent in their little pa...



4. At night, the party shelter in deserted barns. Mr. Howard and Ronnie continue an old discussion on Rochester, U.S.A., which Mr. Howard maintains is a State in itself. Ronnie, believing otherwise (quite rightly), agrees, rather than hurt the vanity of his now much-loved friend



5. Arrived in Chartres, the children are met by German soldiers. Young Pierre, his speech restored by his fury, rushes to attack the soldiers and is brutally cuffed about the ears. He is saved from further trouble by the intervention of Ronnie



6. Mr. Howard (Odeon Myrtle Baxter), and to the addition of...



7. Nicole talks to the children about the seriousness of their position. She tells them they must speak nothing but French, for the Germans hate the English. Unfortunately, little Sheila forgets, and a Gestapo officer overhears her speaking English. The whole party is arrested and taken to Gestapo headquarters



8. There, Major Diessen (Otto Preminger) refuses to believe the old man that he is a spy. Finally, impressed in spite of himself by Howard's honesty, the Nazi strikes a bargain. If Howard will take his niece, Ann in danger because of non-Aryan blood, to the safety of England, the p...



5. Howard learns the Nazis are in
town and his services have been discontinued. A
small platform results in an addition to
the Piper's growing brood. Rose, a French child (Fleurette Zama)



6. Mr. Howard and his three children join the refugees who stream continuously along the road to Chartres, fleeing pathetically before the advancing German hordes. With bombs crashing on all sides, the children learn all the horror and brutality of Nazi warfare. They befriend a little French boy, Pierre (Maurice Tauzin), who has lost all power of speech as a result of the appalling experience he has been through in seeing his parents killed before his eyes. The Piper's growing brood now numbers four



and insists
safety and
shall go free

9. Mr. Howard is introduced to Anna. The child is told that there must be no more "Heil Hitlers." Anna is to be sent to her uncle in Rochester, New York. The troubled question of Rochester is settled at last, and, to Howard's dismay, he realises his mistake. As Ronnie maintained from the first, Rochester really is a city, not a State



10. Within sight of England, the old man, with great difficulty, admits to Ronnie his mistake about Rochester. Soon all the children will be on their way to safe sanctuary in America. The modern Piper's job is done

A Famous British Economist

Sir William Beveridge Plans "Freedom From Want"



Sir William Beveridge Looks Up a Reference

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., C.B., whose report on social security after the war, now completed, is one of three big jobs he has undertaken this year. The first was his scheme for the mobilisation of man-power for Mr. Bevin's Ministry; the second his much-debated Fuel Rationing Scheme; and, thirdly, the present Report, commissioned by the British Government, which has been so eagerly awaited and discussed before its publication. The author of many standard works on Unemployment, Tariffs and Insurance, Sir William is responsible for our present system of Labour Exchanges; he was given the task of organising them by Mr. Churchill, then President of the Board of Trade. Sir William, who has had a varied political experience in several Ministries, and as a member and chairman of many committees of investigation into economic matters, has published several books on these and other subjects; one of the best known is his *Planning Under Socialism*. He was created a Knight in 1919, and in that year became Director of the London School of Economics, and later Master of University College, Oxford.

Sir William had as one of his collaborators the Hon. Frank Pakenham, who helped him to prepare his report on social insurance

On Active Service



Officers of an Army Gas School Wing

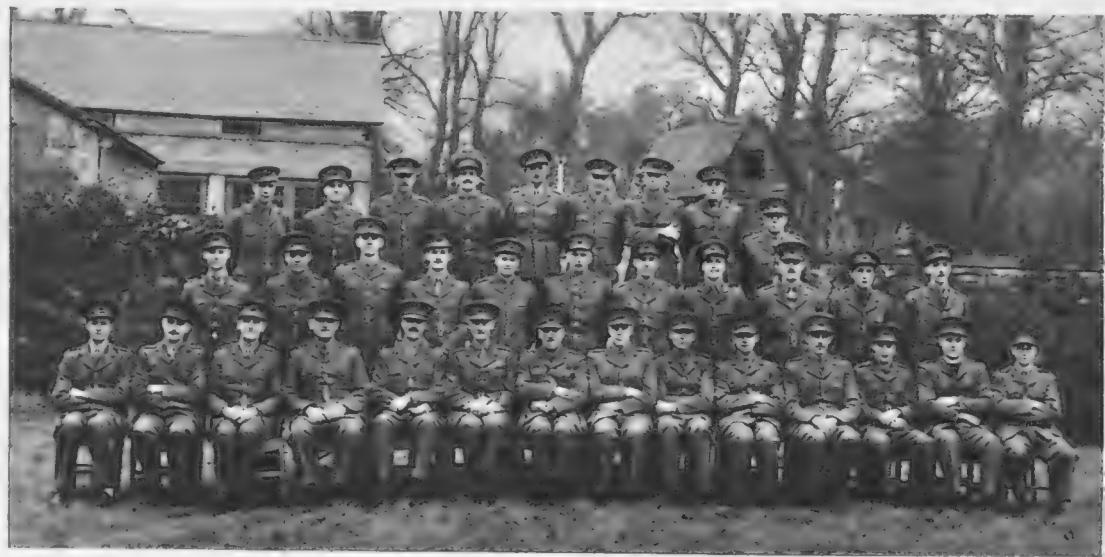
(Front row) Capt. R. F. Wilson, (Adjutant), D.C.M.; Majors T. D. Stephen, J. P. de M. Wilkinson; the Commanding Officer; Majors L.H. Collison, N. MacMichael; Capt. P. C. D. Watkins. (Second row) Lieuts. S. E. Goodhew, J. Scotland; Capt. H. G. S. Smith; Lieuts. J. F. Oliver, R. A. Crow; Subn. P. Colyer; Capt. L. S. Cracker; Lieut. H. J. Wright

(Front row) Capts. A. E. Sykes, I. M. Davies, H. S. Dyer; Lieut. H. Kitney; Major J. C. Q. Harris; Major-Gen. R. J. Collins, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., the Commanding Officer; Capt. P. W. Sedgwick; Majors W. J. T. Savary, J. S. G. Valeen; Capts. F. M. Barton, J. W. Saucyer; Rev. T. J. C. Roberts (R.A.C.H.D.); Capt. N. H. H. Colledge (R.A.M.C.). (2nd row) 2nd Lieuts. P. H. Etherington, P. H. De Cruchy, F. J. Oliver-Jones, D. A. Wilkinson, H. E. D. Frost, R. W. Randall; Lieuts. R. Haye, P. P. W. Martin, E. J. Spurrier; 2nd Lieuts. P. N. Caldecott-Smith, F. A. Baker. (Back row) Lieuts. F. C. Staples, H. R. Cook; 2nd Lieuts. W. J. M. Wicks, G. A. I. Williams; Lieut. A. L. Whitfield; 2nd Lieut. P. L. Whitehead; Lieut. L. J. Sealy; 2nd Lieuts. A. Borreilli, A. N. Breton



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

(Front row) S/Ldr. R. B. Thomas; Lt.-Col. D. McK. Bennett; W/Cdr. A. W. Shaw, the Station Commander; S/Ldr. A. E. A. MacDonald; F/Lt. C. H. Omannay. (2nd row) F/O. L. E. Small; P/Os. P. O. Nolder, H. W. Francis, H. P. White, M. L. Daniels; F/Lt. J. H. Bowering; P/O. W. L. Page; F/Lt. T. A. Rose; S/O. K. H. M. Coombes; F/O. R. W. Stevenson. (Back row) F/Lts. J. P. Usher, F. W. C. Davies, Buckley, D.F.C.; P/Os. R. Moody, J. C. Couch; F/Lt. R. Curtis; P/O. R. J. Frost; F/O. T. A. V. Booth; F/Lt. I. C. Murison



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment



Officers of a Coastal Force Base

(Front row) Sub-Lieuts. C. E. T. Jenson, R. G. Farquhar Thomson, F. N. Thomson, D. Currie; Pay Sub-Lieut. N. B. Johnson; Sub-Lieuts. M. G. Bowyer, J. W. Lambert, D. W. Lea, E. White. (2nd row) Surg.-Lieut. S. L. A. Clarke, Lieut. (E.) W. Hollick; Lieuts. J. B. R. Horne, J. Penman, R. Hartley; Cdr. K. M. B. L. Barnard, R.N., Commanding Officer; Lieuts. C. J. Wilmot, J. Dyer, Rev. G. Bower, R.N.; Lieut. (E.) A. A. Millard; Mr. G. W. O'Dell, Cd. Gnr. (T.) (3rd row) Sub-Lieut. D. G. T. Hill; Lieuts. Houghton, H. Spence, B. McKay, J. C. Dalziel, A. C. N. Chapman, J. R. F. Best, P. A. R. Thompson; Sub-Lieuts. L. E. Thompson, R. Gallichan, J. E. Denley. (4th row) Sub-Lieuts. J. B. Wrightson, P. Garnier, C. A. Burk, G. G. King, J. D. McFarlane, G. O. R. Meyer; Lieuts. M. T. G. Sadler, J. D. Maitland; Lieut. (E.) C. W. King. (Back row) Sub-Lieuts. P. Knowles, J. A. M. McCutcheon; Lieuts. D. Griffith Jones, E. F. Smyth, J. A. Warner, E. D. W. Leaf, J. Pryce; Sub-Lieuts. E. W. Keenan, G. R. Dale, J. F. Horne

Pictures in the Fine

By "Sabretache"

A Fine Tipster

"LATER, in Bordeaux, De Gaulle tried once more to get the French Government to cross to Africa. He pointed out that it was hopeless to carry on at Bordeaux in the midst of hundreds of thousands of panicky refugees. 'Why Africa?' whined the men who had long since made up their minds, and have now taken their miserable place in history as the Vichy men. 'Because to Africa we can get more hundreds of thousands of troops and vast stores of material,' countered De Gaulle." Extracted from *De Gaulle's France and the Key to the Coming Invasion of Germany*, by James Marlowe (Simpkin Marshall, Ltd.).

The 1943 Derby Betting

THE most go-ahead of the bookmaking fraternity (William Hill) is first in the field with a dozen for next year's Derby. He offers us 6-1 Nasrullah, 10-1 Umiddad, 12-1 Lady Sybil, 14-1 Straight Deal, and I don't think we need at present bother about the rest. The most attractive bet still seems to me to be Straight Deal each way, and I think that the price which our friend offers us is not a bad one.

The Three-Year-Olds 1943

SOME of the commentators upon the Official Handicapper's adjustments in the Free Handicap for the three-year-olds for 1943 have expressed surprise at his placing Big Game and Sun Chariot on the same mark, 9 st. 7 lb., considering that the filly is so much the better performed. If the distance with which Mr. Fawcett had to deal had been 1½ miles, or anything longer, we know exactly what he would have done, namely, made the King's filly give the colt anything up to 7 lb., most

certainly if over a longer journey than 1½ miles. As it is, Mr. Fawcett is absolutely right, for the Free Handicap, which, incidentally, will never be run any more than will be the similar event for the two-year-olds, is only 1½ miles, at which distance we are entitled to believe that Big Game would beat the whole fleet of them. After winning the Two Thousand he ran in the Derby and he had the field stone cold at the 1½-mile post, and he laid out Afterthought, Ujiji, Hyperides and company with equal ease in the 1½-miles Champion Stakes. I think that so far from being wrong Mr. Fawcett has been complimentary to Sun Chariot in rating her Big Game's equal, and as to the Derby winner, Watling Street, he is also kind. Considering how devastatingly Sun Chariot beat him in the Leger—three lengths easily, which it would be conservative to reckon at 9 lb.—I think that the Handicapper has done his sum with much kindness. Frankly, I have always doubted whether Watling Street has the right to be considered the best colt of his year because he won the Derby. He has his own ideas about when and where he wants to race. In that respect he rather reminds us of one of "Mr. Soapy Sponge's" hunters—I think that it was Multum In Parvo, but it is a long time since I read that amusing book—who, if it was one of his going days there was no stopping, but who on one of the days when he did not feel like it, nothing would induce to join in the fray. Harry Wragg was the real winner of the 1942 Derby.

Only of Academic Interest

IN any case, this three-year-old handicap has only an academic interest, for very few of the colts that matter will run as four-year-olds. Big Game, Sun Chariot, Watling Street and the filly Afterthought have all been retired to the harem, possibly because, at the time the decisions were taken, of the extremely uncertain outlook on the war fronts of the world. I wonder whether, if the decisions had been delayed until now, they would have been the same. The loss which I most regret is that of Sun Chariot, for I could not see her being beaten in the Gold Cup of 1943. Of those left to us, Hyperides is the colt of the greatest consequence, and I believe that he is a bit more than the 2 lb. of the Free Handicap better than honest Ujiji, and also more than 3 lb. better than Shahpoor. Hyperides, I feel certain, was nothing like himself on Leger Day, and he had not a very peaceful season right from the time when he was almost knocked over in the Two Thousand Guineas. All going well, he might very easily present Lord Rosebery with the Gold Cup, and I hope that it comes off.

Any Questions?—The Horse?

IN view of the fact that the Principal Brain of the famous Trust is called (behind his back) "The Hurricane Horseman of Hampstead Heath" (a far more dangerous country to cross, so I understand, than High Leicestershire), I confess that I have been amazed that no question asking "Is the horse obsolete?" has come up. When it does—of course, it must—I know exactly what is going to happen. The Question Master will fix the Doctor with a cross-examining glare and say "Joad!"

The riposte will come with a sword-blade flash: "It all depends upon what you call a horse!" Aye, there's the rub! The case law upon this question is absolutely plethoric. The plaintiff (purchaser) has said with vehemence that the chattel has no resemblance to a horse or, at any rate, to the kind of horse which the defendant (vendor) has said that it was; and the defendant, with equal, or even greater



The United Services

Pay/Lt/Cdr. F. V. Harrison, R.N., Lt. A. H. J. Dagnall, R.N.V.R., and (sitting) Lt. G. Pawle, R.N.V.R. (captain), Capt. C. J. Malim (Army), played for the United Services Squash Rackets team who beat Oxford recently. They have won 29 out of their 30 matches since the team was formed

vehement, has said that if you searched Europe, Asia (including Tibet), Africa (including Lake Chad) and America, you couldn't never find nothing one moiety as good as that, and further, as to what that something something has been and swore about his pulling—why, my little daughter, aged fourteen, rode him in a snaffle all last season with the Cottesmore—and that you could hold him with a hay rope in his mouth, leave alone a snaffle. This peroration has been suitably Bowdlerised, as we do not use that language in this paper. So when the Doctor says "It all depends upon what you call a horse!" he will be speaking with plenty of supporting precedent for so cautious an answer.

A Matter of Emphasis

IN prehistoric times there existed an animal called a Chalicotherium. It was said to be "something like a horse." It is not, so I gather, extinct, because anyone who has ever set out to buy a horse has, of course, heard the thing described like this: "Something like a horse," and then been told a lot more, such as "his comrade won a Golden Cup at Dublin Horse Show—no less!" and "ye couldn't pull um down with a rope," and "I measured it meself, 34 ft. 9½ in. and 6 ft. of solid timber on the take-off side, and if ye doubt me I'll take ye to the very place where he done it and you can see for yourself!" And yet, because this animal may be only "something like a horse" and not completely so, the vendor may get through the meshes of the law of warranty without flicking a feather off himself. And again, if he has a counsel worth a tinker's malediction, he can always fall back upon the old argument *impotens quoad hunc*, and say that he only pretends to be a dealer in horses, and has never said that he could sell hands. Such an argument, of course, will more completely enrage the plaintiff, for there is nothing more calculated to get anyone's goat than to tell him that he is a Muttski on a horse. As Mr. Jorrocks very rightly remarked, anyone would rather have an imputation upon his virtue. However, there it is: be careful upon which word you put the emphasis.

Handicap Two

A VERY famous figure in the world of polo writes to me, apropos the alleged "International" polo exploits of the former commander of the Afrika Korps, that, even if it is true that he represented Germany, his handicap need not have been more than two

Pool, Dublin

Hunting in Ireland

Mr. John W. Shackleton, hon. secretary of the North Kildare Harriers and former crack Irish polo player, and his daughter, Jean, on leave from nursing in England, were at a recent meet of the Killiney Kildares





D. R. Stuart

Oxford at Squash Rackets

The Oxford University Squash Rackets players, who were defeated by the United Services at Oxford, were R. V. Waterhouse (Magdalen), J. C. Chartres (Exeter), W. A. Gluck (St John's), and (sitting) A. Roper (New College), P. Nye (Balliol). Both Roper and Nye are double Blues

goals. Ten goals is the top in the Hurlingham and the Polo Association of America Handicaps. It is to be feared that Ritter von Thoma will not get much chance of playing his favourite game in England for some time to come, and in Germany for a very much longer time. He has no handicap in the Hurlingham list, never having played in this country.

Mass Hysteria

"I HAVE heard it said that, if one is acquainted with five Britons, one is acquainted merely with five several Britons, whereas, to be acquainted with a similar number of Germans, from whatever principality or walk of life they might be taken, is to know all Germans. Their humour and character are said to vary but little between whole multitudes, and Lieutenant Kemmis (an officer of the contingent of Brunswick mercenaries employed by us in the



D. R. Stuart

A Rugger Match : Major Stanley's XV. v. Oxford

This group was taken when Major R. Stanley's Rugger XV., with five internationals, beat Oxford University by 16 points to nil on the Iffley Road ground, Oxford. (Back row) K. A. W. Overton, H. B. Neely, J. P. Herdman, Rev. W. O. Chadwick, E. A. Simpson, Sub-Lieut. V. G. Morgan, A. H. Campbell. (2nd row) Touch-judge F/Lt. J. Parsons, Lt. H. J. C. Rees, Major H. A. Fry, P. A. F. Vidal, Sgt. A. Russell-Taylor, Lt. A. C. Simmonds, P. S. Carton-Kelly, C. G. White, W. Harris, H. A. Brashier (referee), E. T. D. James (touch-judge). (Sitting) W/Cdr. W. M. Penman, H. A. K. Rowland, Major E. J. Unwin, Major R. V. Stanley, D. A. B. Garton-Sprenger, Sgt. G. Montgomery, A. E. Murray, Dr. R. L. Hall, Lieut. K. H. Chapman. (In front) G. W. Myrddin-Evans, Lt. R. G. Price, R. Seidelin, Capt. A. L. Warr, R. H. Haynes

American War of Independence) informed us that a Roman historian, who lived about the time of the Emperor *nero*, had remarked, even at that early date, that the German tribes known to him exhibited a remarkable sameness of behaviour. Thus it is that they are more subject to sympathetic infection by joy, fear or any other emotion than any nation in the world: let ten men go weeping through a street in a German town and soon the entire countryside will be in tears; or let them dance, and a long procession will follow them of passionate dancers.

At Three Rivers (a British reverse) the emotion was melancholy and the words, *Werd ich meine armen Kinder niemals wieder sehen?* (Am I ne'er to see my poor children again?). From this they proceeded to a conviction that, no, they would never live to revisit their homes. Parties of twenty or thirty men would relate to one another a conviction

that Death was soon coming to them; whereupon they moped and pined, obsessed with the notion, and nothing could cure them of it. I endeavoured to argue with a couple of them, who drank with me, out of this settled presentiment. It was to no purpose: the Rider Upon the White Horse was close upon them, they said, and they could not escape the stroke of his scythe. Already scores of them were dead from no visible ailment, but merely from superstition."—From "Sergeant Lamb of the Ninth," by Robert Graves.

These lines, I suggest, may interest the gallant R.A.F. in particular, and, in general, all those who have the Hun in front of them to-day. They are just as true of 1942 as they were in 1776. For all their brutal bluster the Germans are still outstanding subjects of mass hysteria. There is no other way in which Hitler can be reasonably explained.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Station H.Q. Somewhere in England

(Standing; back row) P/Os. R. Mitchell, S. G. Barber, J. Hood, W. H. Hannaford. (Standing) F/Lt. L. R. Hawkins; F/O. W. T. Cooper; P/O. H. F. Woolley; S/O. P. S. L. Davis; A/S/Os M. E. Hott, J. Jackson; F/Lt. M. E. Corfe; P/O. B. Thorp; F/Lt. H. T. O. Windsor. (Sitting) S/Ldr. E. R. Brown, W. L. Sharman, E. Drudge, M.B.E.; W/Cdr. C. F. Curran, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar; F/Lts. H. R. Plunkett, C. N. James, K. G. Baker



Captured in the Western Desert

These three Italian Generals, now prisoners of war, were photographed before being taken away to internment. They are Brigadier-General Masina, commander of the Trento Division, Major-General Brunetti and Brigadier-General Bignani, who was second-in-command of the Trento Division

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Tact

ACT is perhaps underrated: one too often finds it ranked with the minor virtues. In *Henry Ponsonby*, by his son, Arthur Ponsonby (Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede) (Macmillan; 21s.), we have a picture of tact on a giant—one might say heroic—scale. Sir Henry Ponsonby was for twenty-five years Private Secretary to Queen Victoria: to this office, which he took up in 1870, was added, in 1878, that of Privy Purse. Up to the day of the stroke which preceded his death in 1895, Sir Henry knew no relaxation from his duties. Would it be too much to say that he died of them—or, at least, of the strain under which they were carried on? The devotion he gave to the Queen was selfless. To this he sacrificed personal freedom, any continuity in his happy family life and, in the long run, health. He did not, however, sacrifice, by one iota, his integrity, his judgment, his political principles or his masculine dignity. One must pay Queen Victoria this tribute—she respected Sir Henry's uncompromisingness when things got down to brass tacks or to matters of principle.

The Queen, as shown here, stands in need of this kind of tribute. Her greatness, as Queen, is not to be denied, but equally, one could call her an impossible woman. In domestic selfishness, in self-importance, in intractability, in boundless capacity for self-pity, she exceeded the conventional prima donna. And one derives this view of her, I feel bound to state, from the soundest of evidence—her own. For Lord Ponsonby's life of his father is documented by many, many of those thousands of little notes Sir Henry got from the Queen. For once that she spoke to her Private Secretary, she communicated with him in writing a dozen times. And all these notes were preserved, with the rest of Sir Henry's papers, in the despatch-boxes that—to what must be our endless interest—Lord Ponsonby made it his business to go through. From these boxes comes his other material—much correspondence during the years of office and, best of all, the letters Sir Henry wrote to his wife—daily, during those months of separation that the Queen's movements made necessary. The writing of these letters not only eased loneliness but gave humour release. For Sir Henry retained, through the outwardly solemn years, an unquenchable and delicious sense of the funny. Victorian Court life, though dull and frequently maddening, was very funny, if you could see it that way—and happily for Sir Henry, he could. Only to the wife with whom he was in ideal sympathy, and upon whose discretion he could rely completely, did the Private Secretary speak with frankness of what he saw.

Sir Henry's handling of "H.M." was a masterpiece. He allowed for every vagary of the feminine nature whose feminineness was exaggerated by royalty. He humoured, he deferred (if only up to a point), he

pacified and he comforted. He who never flattered measured flattery's work, as he watched the Queen through a run of "infatuations." He at least attempted to temper the force of her dislikes. His translation into urbane and courtly English of her furious messages makes one smile—but respectfully. He was aware of her best interests when she was blind to them. He stood, in fact—and he never relaxed his watch—between the Queen and that world of subjects that was always critical and could be hostile too.

"The Queen Feels . . ."

TO write—and to write so constantly—of oneself in the third person must be dangerous: it invites self-dramatisation. Queen Victoria's notes to Sir Henry were, from hour to hour, despatches on the subject of her own state of feeling. And Queen Victoria, in contemplation of Queen Victoria, wielded the pen of the uncontrolled novelist: one might say she piled the effects on. Her over-indulgence in widowed grief is well known—and one has already assessed its damage to public life. But I learn from this book, for the first time, how often she liked to state that she had been a lonely child. The excessive pathos of lonely little Victoria the adult Victoria never quite outgrew. So much so that one might question if there were an adult Victoria. One notes that she did not deeply care for her children once they had passed infancy—or, the "doll stage."



An Eminent Journalist With His Family

Mr. William L. Shirer, well-known C.B.S. news analyst and commentator, spends off-duty hours with his wife and two daughters, Eileen Inga and Linda Elizabeth, the baby, at their Bronxville home. Mr. Shirer's name was on everyone's lips when his best-seller, "Berlin Diary," was first published in this country. In this book, frequent reference is made to his wife, Tess.

The beloved Balmoral, with its tartan hangings, Highland rainfall, sequestered dullness, periodical nerve-storms and cold rooms—the Queen detested fires—sounds awful. It was "like a school," says Lord Ponsonby. Gloom reigned at dinner. Notes whizzed from room to room—or, alternatively, royal "messages," muddled by Lady Ely. John Brown, always rude, often drunken, had for years to be tolerated by everyone. Here the Queen would remain for months together, and hither reluctant ministers had to travel. For an Empire had, during those Balmoral months, to be ruled from a fastness 600 miles distant from London. . . . At Sandringham there was a scene when one of the Princes began to suspect the drains. At Osborne one Princess secretly played ice-hockey. At Windsor one practised minor economies—one so domestic as not to be mentioned here.

Sir Henry's most major, prolonged and exacting task was to endeavour to keep at least a surface on the relations between Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone. That Gladstone should have to be called on to form a Government was (to put it extremely mildly) never acceptable to "H.M." In 1892, for instance, here is one of her notes to Sir Henry:

The Queen cannot make up her mind to send for that dreadful old man (not because she has any personal dislike of him) as she utterly loathes his very dangerous politics, the language he has held, the way in which he uses every artifice to get in and whom she can neither respect nor trust.

Sir Henry himself, in addition to Liberal politics, had a devoted respect for Mr. Gladstone. His view of Disraeli was not equally high: in 1874 he writes:

What I saw of him [Disraeli] here made me think him clever and bright in sparkling repartee but indolent and worn out. He did not seem ever to take up any question or to discuss any problem. But he shot little arrows into the general discourse pungent and lively, and then sat perfectly still as if it were too much trouble to talk.

(Concluded on page 280)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

After reading about

By Richard King

and listening to the news of the Libyan battles for so long, one fact has always surprised me—there doesn't seem ever to be any native Libyans about anywhere! Never once have they ever been so little as mentioned. They neither block up the roads in flight, nor do they act as guerrillas on their own initiative. They appear neither to commit sabotage, nor do the Nazis ever put them up against the wall! Yet, they must be reacting towards the uproar of their lives for the last two years in some fashion? They must be thinking and doing something about it? Nobody, for example, could possibly live unconscious of the fact that they have been captured and recaptured in their homes without having at least some inkling that all is not well outside? So, failing any information on the subject, I like to imagine the native male population rushing about here and there, anxiously awaiting word as to whether they shall shout "Heil Hitler!" that morning, or "Viva Italia!" or ask each other in a stage whisper what is the fifth line of "Rule Britannia!" While the female folk, expecting, of course, uninvited visitors at any moment, cook relays of macaroni, sauerkraut, and roast beef. Camels stampeding all over the place, and never a shelter within sight! Well, perhaps there aren't any native Libyans, and Libya is, as the wireless and the newspapers seem to suggest, a vast sandy waste totally uninhabited, except by two European foes. Anyway, it is all extremely hush-hush!

But then, the whole subject of hush-hush is perplexing. So many people

talking who ought to hush, and so much hushed which doesn't seem to matter if it were shouted out loud! For example, reading that the south-east coast has been bombed, everybody in every other part of England, who has friends living south-east, immediately imagines that they are dead or in hospital. And that adds another anxiety to life. I cannot believe that Jerry raids Dover in the belief that he has raided Brighton. And I feel positively in the Secret Service when I read in the local weekly rag that "A town on the South-East Coast was raided last Tuesday," and then find photographs therein of the house next door! I feel like asking my neighbour, who knows all about it as well as I do, if he knows of a good plumber, as a South-Eastern coastal house has been slightly damaged—but I am not allowed to say where!

"Ours not to reason why" has never been more appropriate than in these times. Tanks lumber past my house from east to west on Monday, and lumber past from west to east on Tuesday; but I dare not seek information of this odd phenomenon. I am, so to speak, just a "native Libyan," watching events. And, although Myself-as-casualty would be, for me, quite the most important event of the whole war, I realise it is, in reality, of no greater import than bomb-blast to the parish pump! And in the acceptance of this fact, I have a suspicion there is a moral attached to it somewhere. At least, I have that taste of quinine in my spirit which invariably follows a moral which has been pointed for our edification!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Batterburg — Oliver

Captain Geoffrey William Batterburg, Royal Signals, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Batterburg, of Purley, Surrey, married Mary Oliver, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Oliver, of Scarborough, at St. Martin's, Catterick Camp



Teed — Cave

Surgeon-Lieut. Norman Teed, R.N., only son of Capt. and Mrs. B. G. Teed, of Cotttingham, East Yorks, married Phyllis Cave, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cave, of Wittering Lodge, Sanderstead Hill, Surrey, at Sanderstead Church



Collins — Robb

Lieut. Raymond Laird Collins, R.A., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Collins, and Mrs. Marjorie Louise Robb, widow of Robert Campbell Robb, of Ruxley Lodge, Claygate, Surrey, were married at the Savoy Chapel



Markes — Buchanan

John Edward Markes, younger son of the late Major J. C. Markes, and Mrs. Markes, of Birr, Eire, married Elizabeth Scouler Buchanan, only daughter of Mr. J. Scouler Buchanan, of 7, Park Circus, Glasgow, and the late Mrs. Scouler Buchanan, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Vere-Hodge — Budgen

S/Ldr. Nicholas Vere-Hodge, R.A.F.V.R., F.R.C.S., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Vere-Hodge, of Woodford Green, Essex, and Ann Budgen, only daughter of Air Commodore and Mrs. Budgen, of Camp House, Ruislip, Middlesex, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square



King — Freemantle

Captain John Lionel King, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, son of the late J. C. King, and Mrs. J. K. Barnes, of Caldy, Cheshire, married Alexandra Griselda Freemantle, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Freemantle, of 24, Lowndes Street, S.W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Turnbull — Gunn

Major Robin Turnbull, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Turnbull, of Southerndown, Bridgend, Glamorgan, married Margaret Gunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Victor Gunn, of North View, Wimbledon Common, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon



Bell — McDougal

F/O. Lewis Ralph Bell, R.A.F.V.R., of Garion Haven, Cornwall, and Sheila Madeline McDougal, youngest daughter of the Rev. A. R. and Mrs. McDougal, of Sibton, Suffolk, were married at Sibton Church



Steel — Ridge

Dr. Mathew Steel, R.A.M.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Steel, and Margaret H. Ridge, were married at Christ Church, Cockfosters. She is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Ridge, of Carlton House, Enfield

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 265)

Lady Moncreiffe's vice-chairmen are Lady Bearsted and Mrs. Charles A. Banks, who is also hon. secretary; Mr. Chester Beatty, jnr., is hon. treasurer; Mr. Charles Duncan, chairman of the house committee; and Mrs. Stanley Smith is in command of the awesome job of catering—the years she has lived in France have added to her considerable knowledge of food, and ingenuity with available materials. A distinguished luncheon the day I was there was M. Boniface, of the Comédie Française, who is over here with a company of French actors. They have been touring this country giving performances for the troops, and the possibility of them giving an entertainment at the club was being discussed. With very few exceptions (such as the kitchen staff), all help is voluntary, and the money for furnishing, installing shower-baths and so on has all come from voluntary contributions. Bundles For Britain have contributed generously; a cheque was sent from South Africa, from ladies of the Fairhaven Work Party, Cape Town; another came from the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

About

THE Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, out walking, looked deliciously pretty and piquant behind a black lace veil, with a little beige Pekinese under her arm. Sir Alfred Slade didn't seem to be feeling the cold, and looked as rosy and jolly as he did in the days when, as Master of the Avon Vale, he hunted hounds himself. Colonel and Mrs. Victor Roche were in London for a few days, and also brought memories of hunting in the West Country, where he used to go out with the Taunton Vale when stationed at Taunton. Lord Portman, who died this autumn, was Master then. Another from down there, in London last week, was Mrs. Rupert Incledon-Webber, who, as Miss Joan Montagu, hunted with most of the packs in Devon and Somerset, and with the Blackmore Vale and Sparkford Vale Harriers since her marriage. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke looked tall and distinguished in brown, unperturbed by the stress of climate and war, and Miss Mala Brand shopped in Bond Street.

Children's Toys at Grosvenor House

MRS. CHURCHILL is opening a sale at Grosvenor House to-day to aid the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War Week. There will be many attractive gifts ingeniously made, and just right for Christmas presents on show. H.M. Queen Mary has already ordered four of the beautifully embroidered canvas bags which will be for sale, and a woolly rabbit has been accepted by the Duchess of Gloucester for the young Prince William. Broken toys and children's story-books have been repaired by voluntary helpers. New wheels have been fixed to engines, a sewing-machine has been put in good working order and dolls' cots have been repainted in gay colours. Among the stall-holders will be Lady Louis Mountbatten, Nina Countess of Granville and Mrs. Boss, in charge of china and glass; Lady Chetwode and Sophy Lady Hall, in charge of canned goods and unrationed preserves; Lady May, Lady Hudson, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney and Mrs. Kempster, bags and gifts; Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lady Levy, Mrs. Howard Wyndham, Mrs. Lynn Bristowe and Lady Polson, beauty stall; Lady Towle and Mrs. Muggeridge, odds and ends; Lady Ebbisham and Lady Coxon, miscellaneous; Lady Irene Crawford, Lady Kennedy, the Hon. Mrs. Philip Henderson and Mrs. Rowton, toys; and Mrs. Simon Marks and Lady Dawson of Penn, books and stationery.



The Christening of Captain and Mrs. Maxwell's Daughter

Susan Anne Maxwell, second daughter of Captain George Cavendish Maxwell, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Maxwell (formerly Peggy Bishop), was christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on November 21st. Above are Captain Cavendish Maxwell, Miss Susan Sutherland (godmother), Mrs. Frank Bellville (godmother) and the baby, Miss Elizabeth Maxwell, Nurse Spencer, Miss Evelyn Duffus (godmother), Mrs. George Cavendish Maxwell, Mrs. Harry Bishop (godmother), Mrs. Archie Savory (grandmother), and Major Archie Savory

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)



Elliott and Fry

Author of "Table Two"

Marjorie Wilenski, wife of the well-known art critic, has just published her first novel, reviewed in "The Tatler" of November 25th. Her hobby is breeding bulldogs, and in the picture is one of them, a possible future champion

I so fully believe that Disraeli really has an admiration for splendour, for Duchesses with ropes of pearls, for richness and gorgeousness, mixed I also think with a cynical sneer and a burlesque thought about them. . . .

In *Henry Ponsonby* there is no "cynical sneer." There is comedy (among more serious matter), but at no point is there a break with taste. The book is long and solid, and "takes reading." It will reward and delight those readers who have a feeling for character, but drive away those merely out for an easy laugh.

The Navy

"THE NAVY AND DEFENCE": The Autobiography of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield (Heinemann; 15s.) is a book for which its author should be thanked. Lord Chatfield says, in his Foreword: "This is not a record of my life, though inevitably that is a part of it, but rather the story of the Royal Navy as I have seen it during the last fifty years. It includes the difficult years when the Navy was undergoing a transformation from the old days to the new. A period during which the seaman, starting supreme on the

surface of the sea, has had to adapt his mind and his ships to fighting enemies under the sea and in the air."

Such a picture is just what the reader wants. And its value seems to me to be added to by the simplicity of Lord Chatfield's language—he avoids, for instance, all technicalities that might be puzzling to the lay person—by his obvious delight in his subject, and by his power to tell a direct story.

This is the day, the hour, for such a book. I believe, however, that *The Navy and Defence* would have been welcome at any time—for here, apart from the inside knowledge, is a vivid autobiography. Lord Chatfield—is this, perhaps, one secret of greatness?—has not forgotten what it is to be young. The Admiral of the Fleet remembers, as though these were matters of yesterday, the hopes and fears of the midshipman and of the sub-lieutenant. The contretemps, the escapade, the alarming interview are described with amusement and sympathy.

He recalls his first two months in the barque-rigged Iron Duke, and with this, his first taste of gun-room life—from the midshipman's angle. Then, on Christmas Eve, 1888, he sailed for South America in the square-rigged Cleopatra—which, only a few hours after sailing, disaster almost overtook. After Madeira and St. Vincent (where, anxious to let off a new gun, young Chatfield brought down a locally sacred vulture) came Monte Video, and a year off the south-east coast, during which one played cricket at Buenos Aires, saw bullfights at Monte Video, faced the yellow fever at Rio de Janeiro, and sailed up and down the coast of Patagonia. . . .

Throughout *The Navy and Defence* glimpses of life ashore are touched in with the same lively feeling as the more continuous pictures of life at sea. Sport and games, for Lord Chatfield, always played a great part. At Monte Video, he was instructed to join the new armoured cruiser, Warspite—which was the scene of the incident between the Admiral and the llama. Some months on the corvette Champion preceded the examination for sub-lieutenants, with the contretemps of the log.

Lord Chatfield—who has much, in the course of his book, to say on the subject of specialisation in the Navy—himself specialised in gunnery. Courses on this subject were followed up with a great deal of work in his own time. His keenness, from the very start of his career, is apparent on every page.

H.M.S. Caesar, H.M.S. Good Hope, H.M.S. Venerable, H.M.S. Albemarle, H.M.S. London, H.M.S. Medina, H.M.S. Southampton, H.M.S. Lion, H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, all play their parts in his narrative. *The Navy and Defence* closes in 1932, but we are given hopes of a second volume.

In the 1914-18 war chapters we have the Battle of Jutland, the disconcerting discovery of the inadequacy of our armour-piercing shells, the inside story of the production reforms that followed. We are made to understand to the full the Navy's disappointment at not, in the years of that war, being able to get to grips with the recessive German Fleet—also, our own Navy's sympathy with the German Navy on its humiliating surrender. (Lord Chatfield was present at that scene.)

There is far more in *The Navy and Defence* than I have room to summarise here. The appearance of this book is an event: the importance of much that Lord Chatfield says must be apparent not only to the informed but also to the average outside reader.



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Three-Service Stew

A RICH and nutritive martial stew is now in the cooking-pot of war, the main ingredients being ships, tanks and aeroplanes. As it simmers, so the ingredients become more and more mingled. The Royal Air Force has acquired a naval and an army flavour. There are not only the air-sea rescue launches, but hosts of other surface vessels under air force control, and there is the R.A.F. Regiment, which has been doing so well on land in the Mediterranean operations. The Army has its air and sea flavour. It has its own little air force and its own little navy. The Royal Navy has its own little air force and its own little army. We are seeing a gradual blurring of the outlines between the Services and a seeping of each service into the other two.

But as, I believe, the best stews are so contrived and cooked that the ingredients retain their individuality though sharing the general taste—carrots still being recognisably carrots, for instance—so the gigantic stewing of the fighting forces should permit each to retain its individuality. And it is my opinion to-day, as it has been ever since General William Mitchell (whose name is now fittingly commemorated in the fine Mitchell III. twin-engined bomber) put the scheme forward, that there should be one fighting force, with three co-equal and distinct departments within it for land, sea and air. Only thus can the individuality of the ingredients be preserved while all work together to the same end.

Operation and Opportunities

IN North Africa we have been watching a gigantic combined force, a balanced force of all the arms, working in harmony. Airborne troops and parachutists have played an

important part. Coastal Command, the Fleet Air Arm, the United States Army Air Forces, United States Naval Aviation have all collaborated and co-operated. Some say that this proves that the present three-service system is right, and that there is no need to institute the reform of cleaning up and rationalising the arrangement by merging the fighting forces into a single King's Service (to use Lord Gorell's proposed name); but I feel that it would be more correct to say that the harmonious result was obtained in North Africa in spite of discordant factors. Reform would enable the harmony to be maintained with fewer planning problems and with greater flexibility. Some, again, say that this would be a bad moment to introduce reforms of this kind. But there is also the opposite view, that war provides the best and sometimes the only opportunity for effecting such reforms.

At any rate, my impression gains ground that air action will in the future dominate and dictate all other action. The perfectly logical course would then be to centralise the fighting forces on the Air Force and to let the Air Force create its sea and land units according to its needs. But that plan would meet with opposition, because it would have the appearance of diminishing the power and responsibility of the Senior Services. Another course—which would have been possible in time of peace—would have been to centralise everything on the Navy, our traditional and strategical first service. But now the practical course would be to create an entirely fresh service formed of all three existing services. That step would prevent unfairness and would eliminate prestige troubles.

Unsociable

A LITTLE time ago I poured forth fury upon those with country houses near aerodromes who failed to invite Royal Air Force personnel to them. I emphasised the boredom of aerodrome



Helping the Prisoners of War Fund

A dance recently organised at Burford, in the Cotswolds, raised £75 for the Prisoners of War Fund. Among those who attended were F/Lt. North Lewis (brother of Lt/Cdr. P. North Lewis, D.S.C., who commanded a destroyer in the Dieppe raid), Miss Wendy Cooper, who is now driving a Y.M.C.A. tea car and managing a canteen, and Sir Douglas Ritchie, Director of the Port of London Authority.

life and demanded hospitality for officers and airmen. Since then I have heard that my well-meant harangue was misguided. For it seems, from what has been brought to my notice, that the Air Ministry discourages these social interchanges between the Royal Air Force and civilians. It seems that when Air Force personnel are asked out they, naturally, like to return the compliment. But the Air Ministry is generally opposed to visits to aerodromes by civilians. It is rather a delicate subject, and all I can say here is that it is more in accordance with the Air Ministry view that civilians should not seek to entertain Royal Air Force personnel. My apologies, therefore, to those who may have sought to offer hospitality in response to my entreaties. Civilians are civilians, and the R.A.F. is the R.A.F., and never the twain shall meet.

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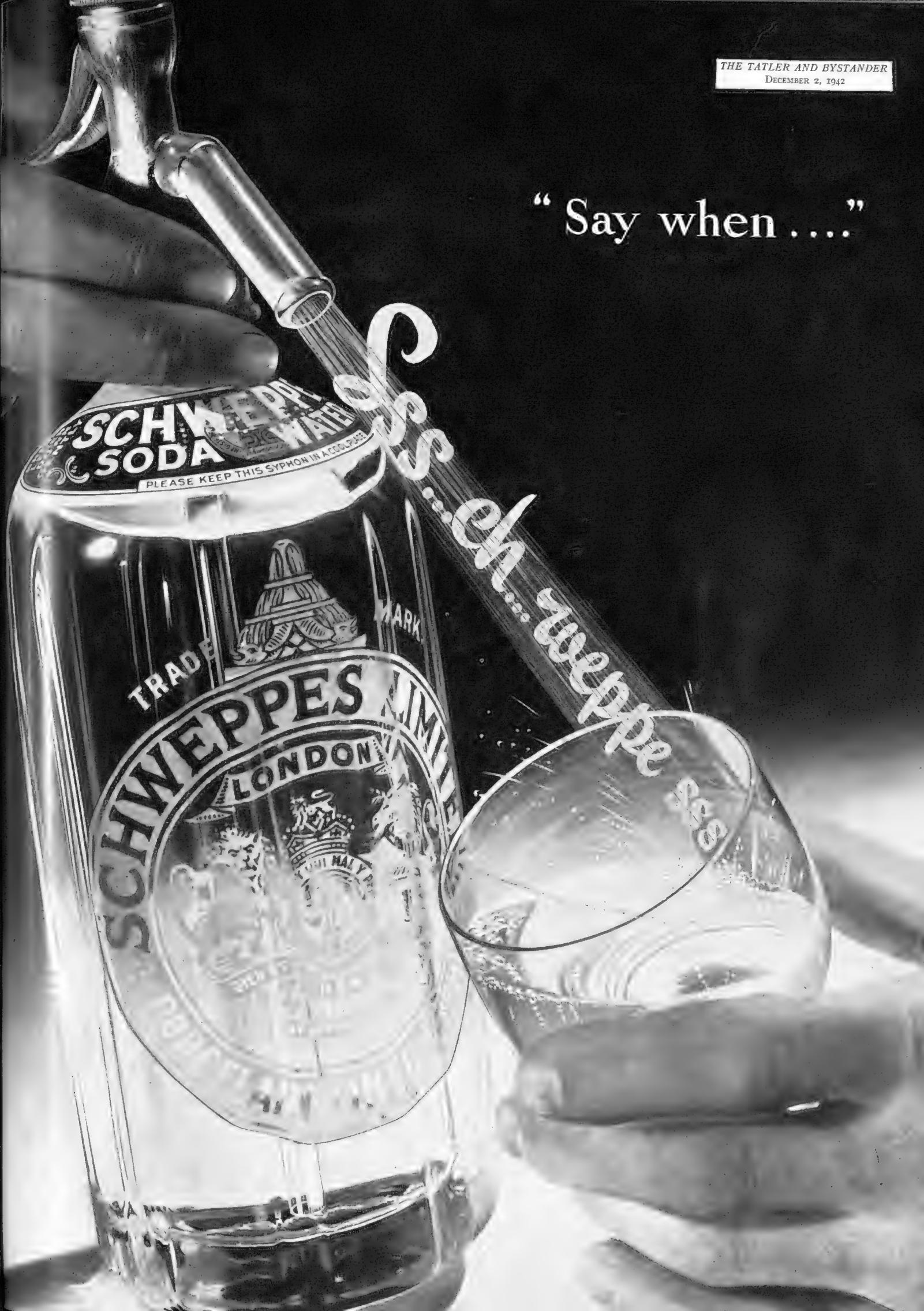
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



That Austerity dresses may be altogether charming is shown in the simple frock on the left which has gone into residence in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. It is expressed in wool and is becomingly arranged with turnover collar, pockets and belt; the long sleeves are another important feature; the price is pleasant, viz., £9 2s. 9d. As will be seen, it is of a non-committal character, hence it may be worn indefinitely. It is sometimes called a "throughout the day" dress and the colours in which it is obtainable are ever so gay. As the war news becomes more cheerful so do fashions, the vogue for the all-black dress is passing, colour being introduced. There are contrasting yokes, sleeves and very wide belts. No one must leave these salons without visiting the millinery department



Surely there is no more important occupant of the wardrobe than the two-piece where a short coat and dress are seen in happy unison. It is in these that Jays, Regent Street, excel and to them must be given the credit of the model pictured above. It is of a multi-coloured check tweed in which deep wine shades predominate. The dress is arranged with a neat turnover collar, belt and simulated pockets. The same idea is repeated on the abbreviated coat, and there are pleats on the skirt which are a great advantage from a practical point of view. The same idea may be carried out in suiting if desired. There are other ensembles in plain colours with yokes and becomingly shaped sleeves in contrasting shades. In some instances the upper part of the dress suggests a blouse rather than a corsage. Generally speaking they are made in soft woolly material in cheerful colours

No one can fail to be pleased with the Knitwear which may be seen in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and they may well be called coupon-saving, a fact that is sure to be appreciated. The garments never sag and are available in an infinite variety of colour schemes. The Marshall-grade coat and skirt on the left is a study in black and white, the skirt and coat being so arranged that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. A special feature is made of débutantes ribbed wool twin sets, the jumpers of which are available with long or short sleeves. Furthermore, there are woollen suits in check designs as well as coatees in wool and angora. The bride likes a white wedding frock, therefore this firm specialises in the same, an important feature being that they may be shortened and subsequently do duty for other occasions



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Stories from Everywhere

A FARMER and a professor were sharing a compartment in a train. The farmer started a conversation, and they soon became friendly.

"Let's have a game of riddles to pass the time," suggested the professor. "If I have a riddle you can't guess, you give me five shillings, and vice versa."

"All right," replied the farmer, "but as you are better educated than I am, do you mind if I only give half a crown?"

"All right," agreed the professor. "You have first turn."

"Well, what animal has three legs walking and two legs flying?"

"I don't know. Here's five shillings. What's the answer?"

"I don't know either. Here's your half-crown," answered the farmer.

WHEN the train stopped at a station the guard came round the carriages calling in at the window: "Is there any one here with a box in the guard's van?"

A clergyman answered that he had. "And in it," he said, "are some valuable books containing very useful information."

"Well," said the guard, "you had better come along; your information is leaking."

IT was the greatest moment of his life. He had won the big race and was about to dismount when a microphone was thrust in front of him—the conquering hero had to address the nation.

"I would like," he said breathlessly, "to pay a tribute to the other jockeys without whose co-operation my victory would have been impossible."

"It's disgraceful," cried an irate patron to the manager of a cinema.

"What is the trouble, sir?" asked the manager soothingly.

"I paid two shillings and sixpence for a seat and I've just sat on a couple of tacks left by one of your careless employees, no doubt. It is a scandal!"

The manager was a quick thinker.

"That's quite in order, sir," he said, and pointed to a notice. "You will observe that all our prices include tax."

A YOUNG man was filling in an application form for an insurance policy.

"What did your father die of?" asked the agent.

"I'm not quite sure," said the man, wishing to make the best of things, "but I don't think it was anything serious."

THE INSTRUCTOR was addressing a group of R.A.F. men about to do their first parachute jump.

"If when you've jumped and pulled the rip cord, nothing happens, don't imagine something has gone wrong. You are only jumping to a conclusion."



TOMIE

His Face is His Fortune

Nat Jackley, an eccentric comedian with exceptional qualities, is proving a great success in "Best Bib and Tucker," the new George Black show at the Palladium. With great skill, Nat Jackley controls the limbs which seem to threaten all nature's laws of normal deportment

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as a child shot up and the owner explained, "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

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THE door of the cottage needed repairing for many years, but the occupants were quite satisfied to ease it off the floor with a hatchet whenever jammed.

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"Quick! It's the new minister. Get the hatchet!"

AS Sandy went over the weekly housekeeping accounts face grew longer and longer.

"Look here, Jean," he said severely, "mustard plaster, one shilling, tooth extracted, five shillings. That's six shillings spent in one week entirely your private pleasure."

"WHAT is an orphan?" asked the teacher. None of the children seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as a child shot up and the owner explained, "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

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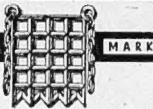
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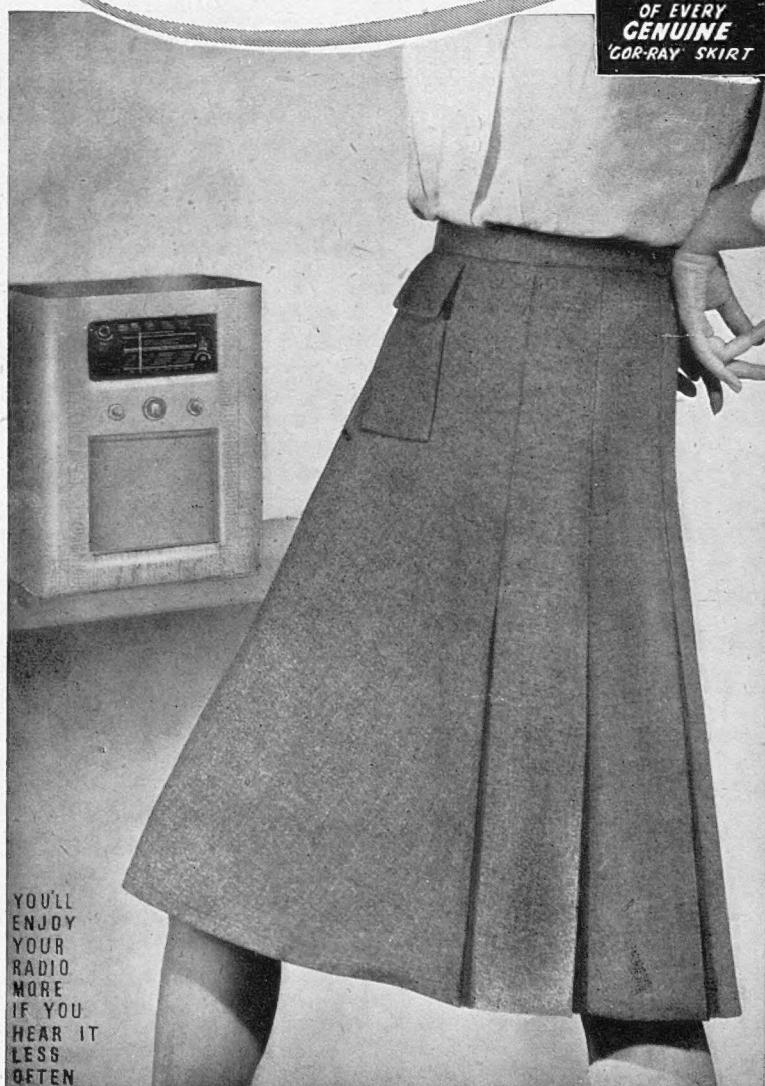
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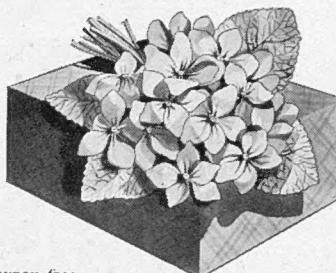
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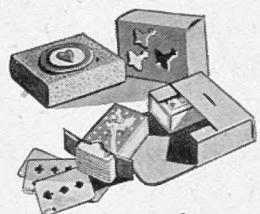
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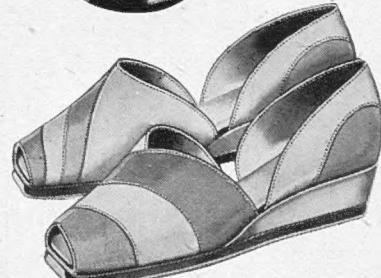


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